

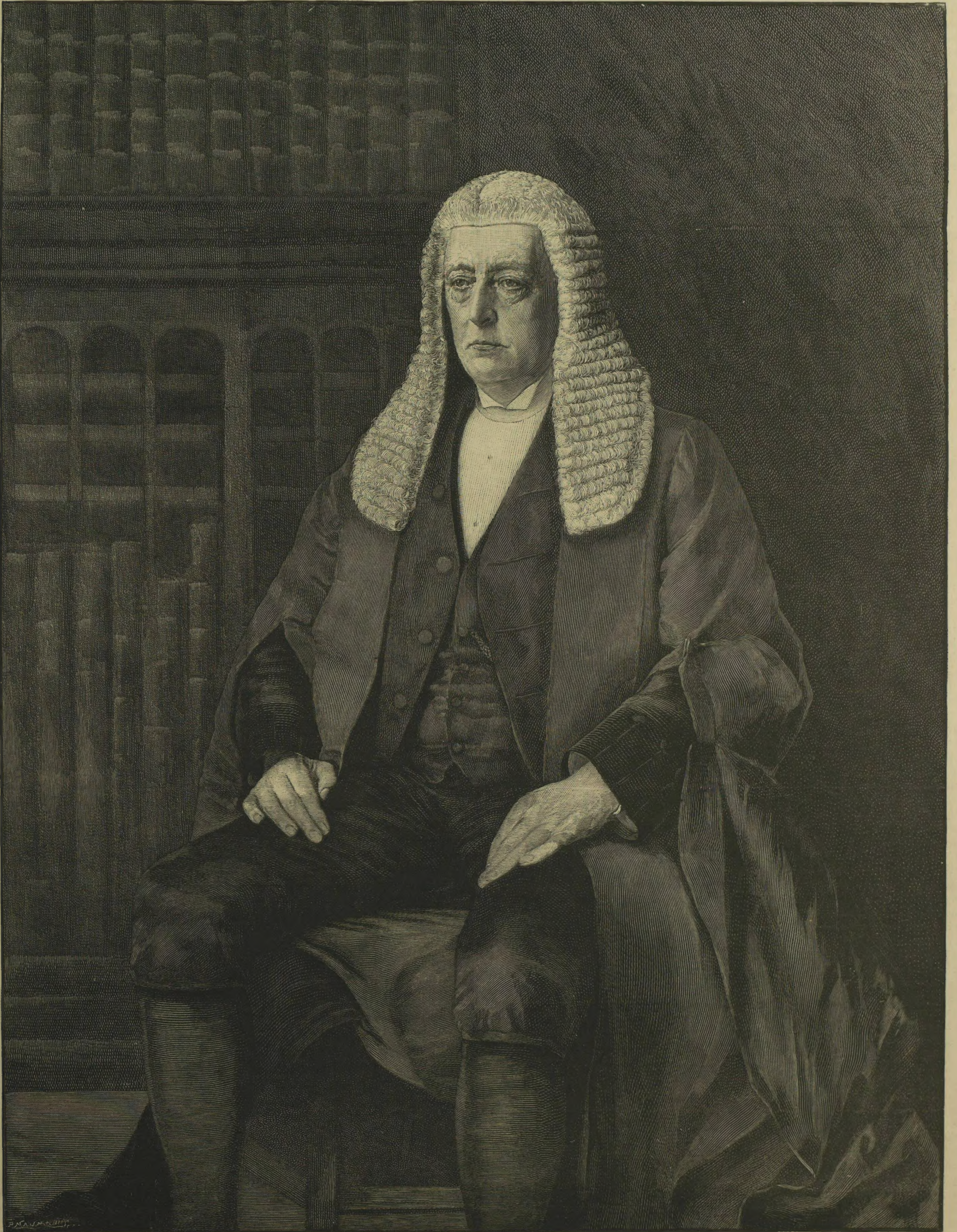
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1895.

TWO SIXPENCE.
WHOLE SHEETS By Post, 6½d.



THE RIGHT HON. WILLIAM COURT GULLY, SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

New Photograph by Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

Speaker Gully, it appears, has been appealed to, as Speaker Peel was before him, to allow members of Parliament to present themselves at his levée in ordinary dress. The Court suit, which is so attractive to many people, has no charms for them. None of the petitioners possess such a thing, and it costs three or four guineas to hire one. This is of some consequence in these hard times to other than Labour members. With the majority, however, their objection to appear in knee-breeches is probably because (like the Queen of Spain) they have no legs. In this respect they have my entire sympathy—the modest unwillingness of an attenuated man to expose himself to ridicule. Of course, in Court dress one has a sword, but one could hardly cut down a street arab with it for calling out in a shrill treble that our calves had gone to grass; and if one did, the punishment would be inadequate, since the sword is always “tailor-made.” It is true that some persons are quite aware of their “small chance of legs,” or are even (like Simon Tappertit) proud of it. No one can doubt this who has seen his friends drop into lunch at the club on levée days in this trying garb. How they would look in kilts is shocking to contemplate, but if kilts were *de rigueur*, in kilts one feels certain they would come.

These men, however, are of exceptional courage. For my part, to oblige my Sovereign I would do a great deal. False calves, I understand, are to be hired where the Court suits come from, and if she commanded my presence in costume, I would incur the extra expense. But only conceive if in that august presence the things, or even one of them, should slip round hind before, and one became literally “a sport”! For Majesty, I say, I would risk it, but for no one else; no, not for the First Commoner in England. Even if one is properly provided in the leg department, this matter seems to resolve itself into the question—is it worth while? On the one side there is the respect owed to the Speaker, which one is eager to pay. On the other there are the three guineas which we cannot owe (it being a ready-money transaction) and are certainly not eager to pay. It is possible that to the minds of men who are not members of Parliament the same consideration may have sometimes occurred when they are asked out to dinner. Is it worth my while to go home three miles to dress like a waiter, and then go back three miles to dine with Jones? The reply depends sometimes upon the experience you have of Jones, but more often upon that of his dinners.

It is not often that a mistake contributes to the success of an evening, but the error into which genial Sir John Millais fell at the Academy banquet in calling upon one Archbishop instead of the other to propose the health of the guests is understood to have been a most enjoyable incident. The fact of their being Archbishops gave the thing, of course, a particular charm, which would not have invested it under ordinary circumstances: we have seldom, indeed, an opportunity of laughing at our Archbishops in public, far less at two of them, and it is still more rare to find such mirth reciprocated by their Graces themselves. If the same circumstance had happened to any other two persons it would, no doubt, have tickled the spectators, but it was emphasised by the exalted position of the unhappy pair. I say “unhappy,” because the term is applied to all victims of a misunderstanding, but the fact is their Graces, in the experience of a few moments, seem to have gone through the entire gamut of human emotions. One has heard of “one crowded hour” of excited existence, but here there were, in a fraction of that hour, on the one part surprise, alarm, disgust, and the courage of despair; on the other, content, serenity, mental relief, and the soothing conviction that somebody else was enduring a punishment to which we had ourselves been condemned. That no ordinary man would have had the nobility of spirit to peach upon himself under such circumstances (“Your Royal Highnesses, my lords and gentlemen, the person who is now doing his time so painfully before you is doing so in error; it is I who should be in the dock, and he only in the witness-box”) is certain, but from the Primate of all England one might have looked for something beyond an amused serenity. Good Churchmen, indeed, may say that it was courtesy that restrained his tongue, that he could not think of interrupting the rushing flood (“Never was so surprised in my life, upon my archiepiscopal word!”) of his most reverend brother’s oratory, but the “Nonconformist conscience” will certainly remain unsatisfied.

For my part, I acquit him. Good men have died for one another; bad men have gone to prison rather than see innocent men suffer in their stead; but it is not on record that any person of average modesty has ever made an after-dinner speech if he can find anybody, by mistake or otherwise, to make it for him. How often has a banquet fit for Lucullus been spoilt for us—how much oftener has one at a guinea a head been made still more detestable—by the reflection that in an hour or so hence we shall have to return thanks in public for something or somebody that has never laid us under the least obligation! If we volunteered before dinner to make an oration upon the same or any subject, with what howls of derision we should be received! And yet after dinner, with our wits

dulled with wine and meat, we are expected to gratify the same audience with our unwilling oratory. The difference between public and private speaking is merely that instead of “now,” you say “on the present occasion,” and instead of “it is agreed,” “there is a general consensus of opinion.” But then you have to say it on your legs. People who don’t know what it is to tremble at the knees, to hesitate, and to perspire freely—the jesters at scars who never felt a wound—say, “Why should you not speak as well standing as sitting?” I don’t know why, but, as the poet remarks on another subject, “Oh, the difference to me!”

The Act for the Protection of Wild Birds, I read, now includes the plover and the plover’s eggs. It would be a pity indeed, though they are never cheap, if these became from rarity altogether out of the reach of persons of moderate means. As a harbinger of spring, what the cuckoo is to the ear the plover’s egg is to the palate, and its varying price proclaims the triumphant march of the sun. The fact of its being a luxury is, no doubt, a factor of its popularity, for, to say truth, its flavour is not to be compared with that of a hen’s egg; but it is, perhaps, the most comely fare that comes to table; when unadorned, adorned the most—i.e., without its shell. Compare it with any other dish—the haggis, for example, even in its shell—and it bears the palm: so transparently tender, so cool and fresh from its native downs. Like the prophets, it is not always honoured in its own country. I once received a basket of them bespoken from a district where they are plentiful, but too out of the way to make them an article of commerce. They were very cheap, and most carefully packed; but (somehow or other one’s little economies always fail) the vendor had omitted to boil them, and they were all broken to pieces in the transit. There are some delicious articles of food, on the other hand, which seem only to be appreciated in their own district. Why does one find the lamprey only in Gloucestershire, and the char only at the Lakes? What is called potted char is, indeed, to be got in London; but I fancy it must be made there; it is so very unlike the divine original.

To turn out an occupant of the Ladies’ Gallery for displaying emotion does not speak favourably for the gallantry of honourable members, but, on the other hand, what Roman virtue, what abnegation of *amour propre*, does it not exhibit! For she was turned out for applauding, for clapping her little hands. If I have ever to make a speech and anybody applauded me—even if it were by blowing out a paper bag and bursting it—I should feel nothing but gratitude. The identity of the fair offender has been concealed, which seems a pity. One would like to have expressed an intelligent sympathy. One journal calls her “a person.” Was she “a young person”?

Had she a father,
Had she a mother,
Had she a sister,
Had she a brother,
Or was there a nearer one
Still, and a dearer one?

And what does he say about it? For my part, I should be proud of her. She would have had a unique experience, second only to that of the lady who got into trouble for overhearing the Freemasons’ secret: we do not learn that she applauded it, but she, too, was shut up in a cupboard. The reflection naturally occurs to one, what would the House of Commons have done to this female offender if she had hissed? Perhaps the Speaker would have “named” her; I wish he had.

It is not generally known that the law discourages hissing in a theatre. Sir J. Mansfield says, “I cannot tell upon what grounds many people conceive they have a right at a play to make such a prodigious noise as to prevent others from hearing what is going forward. Theatres are not absolute necessities of life, and every person may stay away who does not approve of the performance.” But there is no case on record where any member of a theatrical audience has been turned out of the gallery (or anywhere else) for applauding.

The New Woman piques herself occasionally on parting from her husband at the church door, in the rare cases when she submits to go through the marriage ceremony; but the new man—or, at least, a man whose proceedings are altogether out of our experience—has “gone one better.” Unlike the Lord of Burleigh who under a humble guise wooed his beloved object, this gentleman prosecuted his suit as a nobleman of France, whereas he was in fact a grocer’s assistant. Up to the marriage morning nothing could have been more satisfactory than his behaviour, but while his bride awaited him at the sacred edifice, he collected all her wedding presents and bolted with them. He has his apologists no doubt—everybody has in these days who is sufficiently wicked and audacious—but judged by the old standards, this seems to be “bad form.”

A vicar has lately been remonstrated with by his parishioners on the length of his sermons. To his credit he has taken the appeal in good part, though except that a few people had fainted away in their pews—and that might have been the hot weather—there does not appear to have been much to complain of. Next to the good sense of the parson I admire the pluck of “the people’s warden” who broke the matter to him. The clergy of all denominations are very sensitive about the reception of their discourses, and I

have always contended that one of the most convincing proofs of St. Paul’s goodness was his conduct towards Eutychus: it is not easy to forgive a man who goes to sleep during one’s sermon. A clergyman was once preaching at some length during sultry weather, and had the mortification to see many of his audience in this condition. He paused till the offenders, “sent to sleep by sound and waked by silence,” came to themselves. Then he thus addressed them: “My good friends, this sermon cost me a good deal of labour; and I do not think you have paid it the attention it deserves. I shall therefore go over it again.”

This reiteration of a discourse took place on one occasion from a royal mouth. The opening day of the session of 1836 was a foggy one, and what with the darkness and his own indifferent sight, the King (William IV.) found the royal speech a difficult job. He looked up now and then to Lord Melbourne and exclaimed pathetically (but very audibly), “Eh, what is it?” A couple of wax lights were brought in, but not till he had got halfway through his task. Then his face lit up, and he said, “My lords and gentlemen, I have hitherto been unable from want of light to read this speech in the way its importance deserves; but I will now read it again from the commencement,” which he accordingly proceeded to do.

Luther set the example of lengthy sermons, and the Puritan preachers inflicted discourses hours long upon the congregations. Indeed, they preached by the hour-glass, which was placed upon the ledge of the pulpit. A Scotch divine had suffered some inconvenience by being detained at the table of the Earl of Airly, the Commissioner: whenever he rose, his Lordship said, “Another glass, and then” (a phrase in use among toppers). But he didn’t let him go even then. The next day the parson preached before the Commissioner, and took for his text, “The wicked shall be punished, and right airily.” His discourse was of prodigious length, and after every hour he turned up the glass, exclaiming, “Another glass, and then.” Sir Roger l’Estrange tells a story of a parish clerk who had sat patiently under a preacher “till he was three-quarters through his second glass, and most of the congregation had withdrawn by degrees.” Then he rose “at a convenient pause in the sermon,” and quietly requested that when the other “had done,” he would be pleased to close the church door “and push the key under it, as himself and the rest were about to retire.”

Perhaps the neatest reproof to a long-winded preacher was that given by Harvey Combe when Lord Mayor to Dr. Parr. As they were coming out of church together Parr was so foolish as to ask the other how he liked his sermon. “Well, Doctor, to speak frankly, there were four things in it that I did not like to hear. They were the quarters of the church clock which struck before you had finished.” How preachers can ask people how they like their sermons is a marvel to me. It is even sometimes dangerous to inquire how they like other preachers’ sermons. A clergyman in the country who had a substitute one morning in the pulpit asked his clerk what he thought of him. “Well, Sir,” he replied, “it was rather too plain and simple for me. I like a sermon that jumbles the judgment and confounds the sense, and I never [admirably] saw one that could come up to yourself at that.”

The senate was quite as tolerant of tediousness in old times as were the religious congregations. David Hartley, member for Hull, must, however, have often driven it to the verge of rebellion, for he was as dull as he was long. Mr. Jenkinson (afterwards Earl of Liverpool) used to relate that when that gentleman rose, one summer afternoon, at five o’clock to make a speech, he thought it a good opportunity to get some country air. Therefore he mounted his horse and rode down to some place he rented some miles out of town. There he dined, strolled about, and presently returned home, whence he sent his footman to the House to ask who had spoken and when the division might be expected. The reply was that Mr. Hartley was still speaking. Jenkinson found him at it at ten o’clock “exactly in the same place and attitude as he had left him five hours before, and quite regardless of the profound repose in which the few members who still remained were sunk.”

Within the last few days there have been two examples of the recovery of lost wills found in Bibles. One was made more than thirty years ago, and leaves sixteen thousand pounds to certain missionary societies. It was an illustrated Bible, which attracted the attention of a little girl: if there had been no pictures it is sad to reflect that nobody would have looked into that Bible. In the other case, though a less time elapsed, this want of a devotional tendency kept an old housekeeper, who was the legatee, out of her money, which “the Crown has now to disgorge.” I suppose the Crown does not feel such things, or one would like to hear its remarks about female curiosity. It is curious how the old custom of looking into Bibles—not indeed for wills, but for bank notes—has gone out. It used to be the way of religious folks to give the sacred volume to their god-children interleaved in this excellent fashion. In Captain Marryat’s novels the first act of a young midshipman upon receiving this present used to be to go through it very carefully from Genesis to Revelation.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

There are very few dramatic authors of our time who have done more serious and, as a rule, such excellent work for the stage as Henry Arthur Jones. Of him it may be said he has touched very little that he has not adorned. From first to last I have followed his brilliant career with singular interest. I remember the old days of the little plays that were placed in the front, patted on the back, and generously advocated by the first strong friend of the young author—Wilson Barrett. I was present on the first night of "The Silver King," that finely written and boldly conceived popular play, that seemed to give for the first time to modern melodrama some of the dignity of literature. And when the author of "The Silver King" felt his wings he soared. There was no holding him back. He was in earnest. He had a mission to perform. There was no one style of drama to which he attached himself. He was not a party man. From the semi-romantic "Silver King" he tried his prentice hand at English comedy, comedy of life, comedy of manners, and succeeded vastly well with "Saints and Sinners." Always clever, ever in earnest, conspicuously evangelistic in tendency, Henry Arthur Jones soon proved that imagination is his great gift. He is a poet in prose. No author since Robertson has drawn such consistently beautiful women as Henry Arthur Jones. Some of his contemporaries have spent their time in painting ugly women. But the dream of Henry Arthur Jones is one of fair women. To me "Judah" is still the most beautiful play in a long series. I know I am in a minority. But I love the play "Judah." I take down the book and read the last act and the love scene again and again. I did not care for "The Crusaders" as much as many of my friends did, but in spite of opposition I stuck up through thick and thin for "The Bauble Shop," which was pooh-poohed, and "The Masqueraders," which was ridiculed. "Rebellious Susan" I think we all liked. In all these plays you will find a delightfully drawn, human, and noble woman. Hence their success with the public. By some strange perversity this painter of lovely women has from time to time allowed them to be acted by those who did not understand or appreciate one feature of the model, but the author has suffered by his indiscretion. It must have cut him to the heart to see his lovely creations mangled before his eyes.

But the good work done by Henry Arthur Jones for the stage has not ended here. He has never wearied in well-doing when the interests of the stage were at heart. He has lectured, he has addressed mighty audiences in London and the provinces, he has peppered the leading magazines with enthusiastic papers, all with the same cry, "Educate! elevate! uplift! Make beautiful a priceless art!" He has helped the Sunday question and has interested the playgoer, and though his enthusiasm has been rewarded with the chaff and distrust that must ever be pelted at the head of all enthusiasts, still this prolific author, this determined propagandist, can afford to laugh or smile at such a sneer. He has done good and sound work, he has loyally served his friend the stage, and his reward must be in his own conscience.

I am putting on my bookshelves to-day a beautiful and costly book called "The Renaissance of the English Drama," being essays, lectures, and fragments relating to the modern English stage written and delivered in the years that have passed away between 1883 and 1894. They are all well worth preserving. Before the book goes up on the shelf I turn to the preface. Says Henry Arthur Jones, "I have fought for the entire freedom of the modern dramatist, for his right to portray all aspects of human life, all passions, all opinions, for the freedom of search, the freedom of phrase, the freedom of treatment that are allowed to the Bible and to Shakspeare, that must necessarily be allowed to every writer and to every artist that sees humanity as a whole." Well and good; but my friend knows as well as I do that there are passages in Shakspeare that cannot be spoken on the stage, and

chapters in the Bible that cannot be read in church. Says our author again in his preface, "The four chief qualities that any work of art can possess, be it play, picture, poem, or statue, are beauty, mystery, passion, imagination." Good again. In sorrow I ask then, does he always practise this high ideal that he preaches? Presumably the new "Triumph of the Philistines" was designed as a work of art, but where in it do we find beauty, mystery, passion or imagination? It is the one and only distinctly ugly play written by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones that I can recall, and would that I could forget it, and blot it out from his noble series! Is Sally Lebrune, acted so well by Juliette Nesville that the terror of the creature was horribly accentuated, to be justified on the plea of "freedom of search, freedom of phrase, and the freedom of treatment that are allowed to the Bible and to Shakspeare"? If so, why should Mr. Henry Arthur Jones be so severely critical on the modern realistic drama? "Now, the modern realistic drama," says the author of "The Triumph of the Philistines," and the creator of Sally Lebrune, that foul-mouthed little French vixen, "not only lacks these great qualities, beauty, mystery, passion, imagination, but it sets itself to

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES AND HER GRANDCHILDREN.

The Princess of Wales has always made friends with children, so that it is not surprising that she fills the rôle of grandmother to perfection. Our portrait of her with the two children of her daughter the Duchess of Fife will be a delightful reminder, which is very necessary, owing to the Princess's youthful countenance, of the grade of relationship which she now occupies as the possessor of three grandchildren. The eldest of them is Lady Alexandra Victoria Alberta Edwina Louise Duff, who has just attained her fourth birthday; the second is Lady Maud Alexandra Victoria Georgia Bertha, aged two; while the third is the little son of the Duke and Duchess of York.

SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Mr. William Court Gully, Q.C., M.P., was introduced to the Queen on May 11 as Speaker of the House of Commons, and was sworn a member of the Privy Council. In his new post Mr. Gully has already shown that he possesses many of the qualities which ought to distinguish the Speaker of so august an assembly as the House of Commons. His son, Mr. Edward Gully, has entered upon the duties of Secretary to the Speaker, on the retirement of Viscount Duncannon, better known as Mr. Edward Ponsonby. The latter has earned general esteem from members of all parties, and will be much missed.

DEPARTURE OF THE QUEENS OF THE NETHERLANDS.

The private visit of Queen Wilhelmina and her mother, the Queen Regent of the Netherlands, concluded on Thursday, May 9, when they left London for Holland. The very general desire of the public to recognise the presence of the two Queens was aided by Queen Victoria's decision that their departure should partake of the nature of an official ceremony. Accordingly, at 6.45, when the air was cooler and more pleasant than it had been all day, the young Queen and her mother started from Brown's Hotel, Albemarle Street, in an open landau, drawn by four horses, with postillions and outriders in scarlet. Thousands of people enthusiastically cheered the sovereigns, who graciously bowed their acknowledgments. Queen Wilhelmina was naturally the cynosure of all eyes, and departed herself with a dignity which impressed everyone the more because of her very youthful appearance. On arrival at Victoria Station, a brilliant circle of royal and noble personages bade farewell to our two distinguished visitors, who have made many friends with members of the royal family. The Prince and Princess of Wales and their daughters, the Duke and Duchess of York, the Duchess of Albany, the Dutch Minister, the Earl of Rosebery, Lord Carrington, Sir Horace Rumbold, Jonkheer John May, Dutch Consul-General, and Mr. Maas, Dutch Consul, were among the

throng assembled on the platform. The Queens were greeted with the familiar notes of the national air, "Wilhelmus van Nassauwen," as they reached Victoria and alighted from the carriage. A detachment of the Grenadier Guards enlivened the scene with their uniforms. After shaking hands with the royal and other personages, the Queen Regent, leaning on the Prince of Wales's arm, and followed by Queen Wilhelmina, entered the saloon reserved for them and their suite. The train ran out of the station amid loud cheers, and reached Queenborough at 8.22 p.m. Here their Majesties were received by Captain van de Steyn, commander of the Dutch royal yacht *Valk*, and Baron van Goltstein, Dutch Minister. They embarked on the yacht, after the Mayor of Queenborough had been introduced to them, and safely arrived at Flushing.

THE AMSTERDAM EXHIBITION.

An international exhibition, which was originally intended only to illustrate hotel equipment and travel, was opened at Amsterdam on May 11. It is held on the same site as that used for the Exhibition of 1883, and the grounds are laid out with the horticultural skill which one expects in Holland. Both the Queens being absent, the opening ceremony was performed by Baron van Bellinchave, Grand Master of Ceremonies. The Exhibition, like most, was "not yet quite ready." There is a section devoted to the reproduction of "Old Holland," and various interesting exhibits which merit a visit.



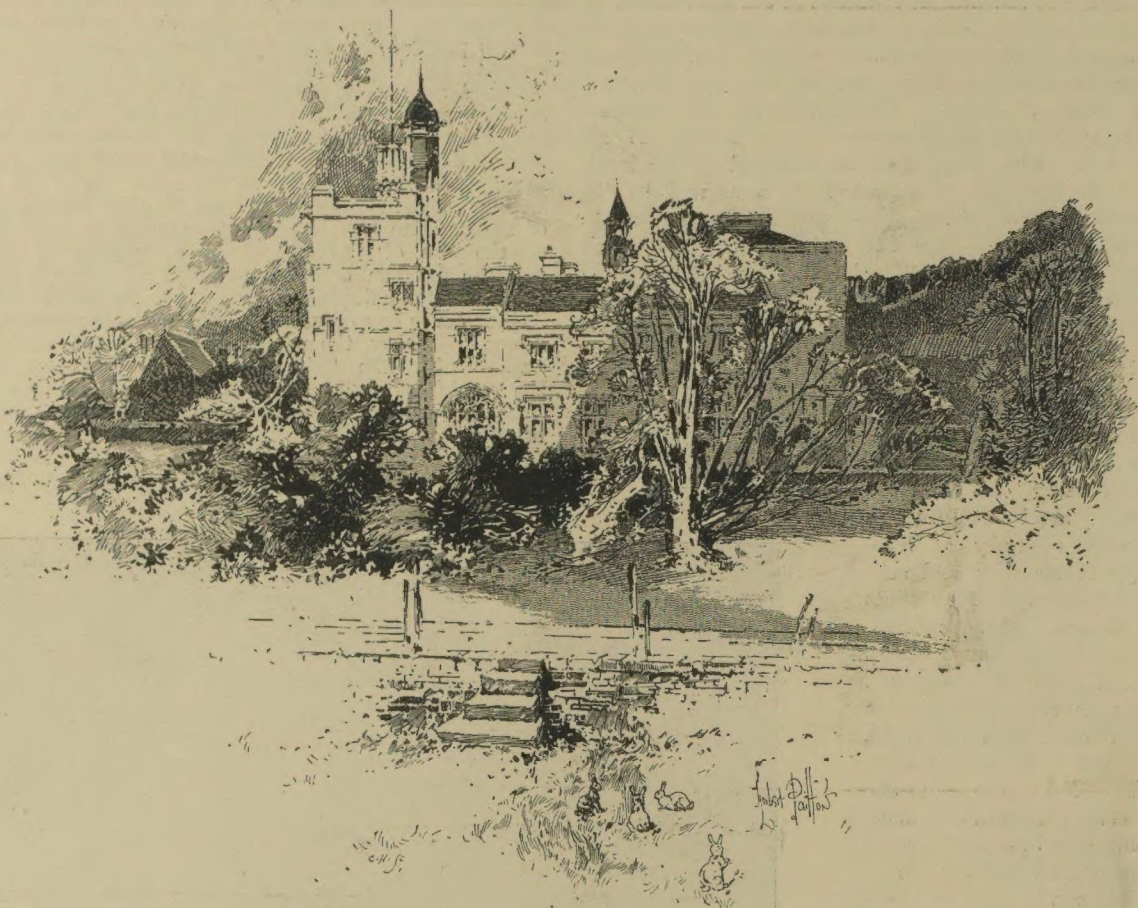
THE PRINCESS OF WALES AND HER GRANDCHILDREN, LADY ALEXANDRA AND LADY MAUD DUFF, DAUGHTERS OF PRINCESS LOUISE, DUCHESS OF FIFE.

Photo by W. and D. Downey, Lebury Street.

deride them and brags that it does not possess them. To sum up in one sentence the results of modern realistic criticism upon the English drama, we may say, "It tried to seduce us from our snug suburban villas into all sorts of gruesome kitchen middens." Now, it really does not matter what happens in kitchen middens. The dark places of the earth are full of cruelties and abominations. So are the dark places of the soul. We know that well enough. But the epitaph—it is already written—on all this realistic business will be, "It does not matter what happens in kitchen middens!" Bravo! But knowing this and feeling this, why create for our amusement or our indulgence the worse than kitchen slut, Sally Lebrune? why open out to us the small, weak, and contemptible soul of Sir Valentine, the egotist and sensualist? why drag up these Jorgans and Potes, and make us sympathise with them as against the men and women of education and breeding? and why stifle and gag sweet Alma Suleny, who alone in this unfortunate play has the faintest element in her of beauty, mystery, passion, or imagination? If it be suburban to detest the realism contained in Sally Lebrune, her realism of attitude, realism of speech, realism of coarseness—if it be suburban to declare that no such creature could have existed for five minutes in the company of the men and women here depicted, if I deplore the tone and subject of this play, then I must confess I am suburban to the backbone. No good can come out of it. The stage will have no greater value or profit from its existence.

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK AT SHEFFIELD.

The Duke and Duchess of York have been the recipients of many proofs of their popularity at Sheffield. Arriving on Friday evening, May 10, their Royal Highnesses were escorted to The Farm, the fine residence of the Duke of Norfolk, whose guests they were. On the following morning they proceeded to the Corn Exchange, where, after various officials had been formally introduced, the Recorder of Sheffield read a loyal address of welcome from the Corporation, reminding the Duke of a visit paid to the city twenty years ago by his father and mother. The Cutlers' Company and the Town Trustees also presented addresses, to which the Duke of York suitably responded. Then a procession was formed, which wended its way through beautifully decorated streets. The destination was the Public Hospital in West Street, which is being rebuilt and to which various extensions are being made. The new wing was opened by the Duchess of York, and different departments of the hospital were inspected. The royal party then went to the new portion of the hospital, of which the corner-stone was, after a brief religious ceremony, laid by the Duke of York. We give on an adjoining page a portrait of Mr. Charles Hadfield, the architect of the Sheffield Public Hospital. He passed the examination of the Royal Institute of British Architects in 1864, and became an Associate. In 1872 he was elected a Fellow. Mr. Hadfield is the President of the Sheffield Society of Architects and Surveyors, one of the societies allied to the Royal Institute. In reply to an address presented by the Duke of Norfolk, his Royal Highness stated that further accommodation would be provided for about seventy patients at a cost of £50,000, towards which total the Duke of Norfolk had contributed the sum of £5000. The Sheffield Town Trustees have subscribed the same amount: the late Mr. Bernard Wake gave £6150, and Mr. W. D. Allen has given £1000. The acquisition of ground has absorbed various generous legacies, notably that left by Miss Ray. The Duchess of York received many cheques from ladies on behalf of the hospital, which, as her husband announced amid cheers, will henceforward be known as the Royal Sheffield Hospital. A luncheon was given by the Mayor and Corporation in Cutlers' Hall. At the conclusion of the luncheon the royal guests went to Norfolk Park, where the Duchess handed the Queen's Prize, won



THE FARM: THE DUKE OF NORFOLK'S RESIDENCE, WHERE THE ROYAL PARTY STAYED.

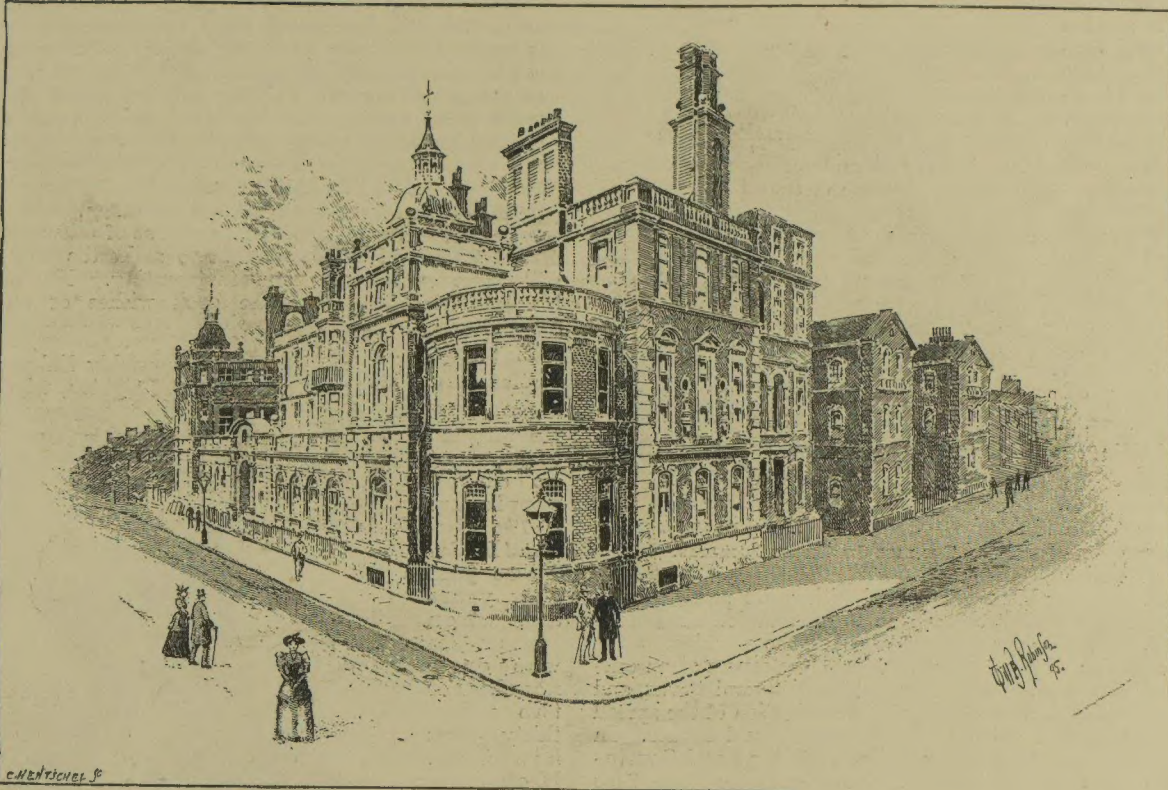
in 1894, at Shoeburyness, to a detachment of the 4th West York Volunteer Artillery. On Sunday, May 12, the Duke and Duchess witnessed the institution of Canon Eyre as Vicar of Sheffield; in the afternoon they visited the Earl

and Countess of Wharfedale. On Monday they called at various works. In the evening they were present at a ball given at the Cutlers' Hall, and concluded their much appreciated visit on Tuesday.



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK AT SHEFFIELD.

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK AT SHEFFIELD.



THE PUBLIC HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY.



THE MAYOR OF SHEFFIELD, MR. C. T. SKELTON.



MR. CHARLES HADFIELD, ARCHITECT TO THE HOSPITAL.

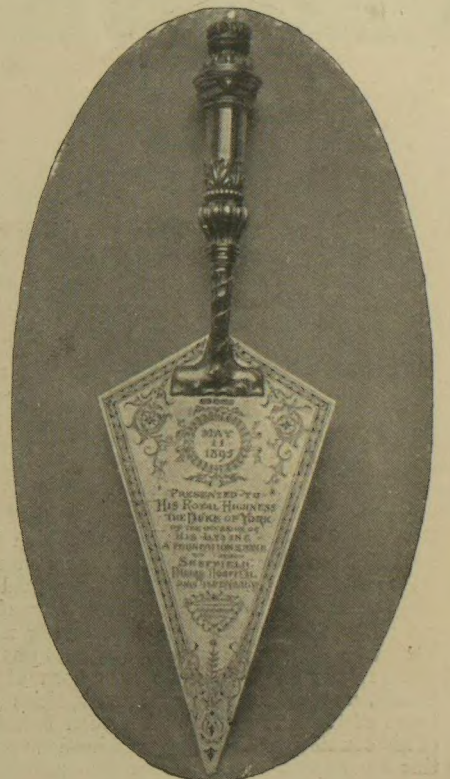


CUTLERS' HALL, SHEFFIELD.

Photo by Sheffield Photographic Co.



THE RECORDER (MR. S. D. WADDY, Q.C.) READING THE ADDRESS IN THE CORN EXCHANGE.



SILVER TROWEL USED IN LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF EXTENSION TO THE HOSPITAL.

PERSONAL.

Sir James Carmichael, who sits in the House of Commons, must be surprised and somewhat embarrassed by the great peerage question. He could not have anticipated that the House of Commons would be asked to make an inquiry into his position as a legislator. He has a long-standing claim to the Scotch peerage, a claim which is simply traditional, and which he has made no attempt to substantiate. Obviously his position is very different from that of Lord Selborne, who has actually become a peer by the death of his father. It is a curious illustration of the complexity of the whole business that Sir James Carmichael's case should have been dragged into the controversy whether an English peer has the right to retain a seat in the Commons, and to refuse to be called to the Lords.

Medical science has suffered a severe loss by the sudden death of Mr. Arthur Durham, the distinguished surgeon. Mr. Durham was the author of some important works, and one of the most successful men in his profession. Socially he was highly esteemed, and he will be missed by a wide circle of friends.

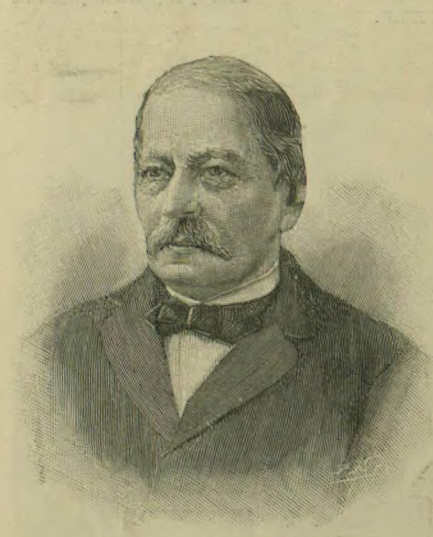
The heartfelt regret which the Queen expressed in the Court Circular in recording the death, on May 7, of

Susanna Stephenia, Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe, is shared by all who knew this estimable and charming lady. Her Majesty was intimately acquainted with the Duchess, for she had acted as the Queen's Lady-of-the-Bedchamber so long ago as 1865. She was the mother-in-law, too, of

Anne Emily, Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe, who has been Mistress of the Robes for several years. Indeed, some confusion has been caused by the similarity of title of these two peeresses, each so well known at Court. The lady who has just passed away so unexpectedly was the daughter of Lieutenant-General Sir Charles Dalbiac, K.C.B., and married, in 1836, the sixth Duke of Roxburghe, who died in 1879. The Dowager Duchess was cultivated, benevolent, and delightful; and the Queen considered her one of the limited circle of her personal friends. It was a great sorrow when her eldest son, the seventh Duke of Roxburghe, died in 1892. Her surviving children are Lord Charles Innes-Ker and Lady Grant-Suttie. The Dowager Duchess received from the Queen the Royal Order of Victoria and Albert.

The Government have sustained their most serious electoral defeat by the loss of Walworth, where Mr. Bailey has defeated Colonel Reade by a majority of 2676 to 2105. This victory is all the more significant as Mr. Lansbury, the Socialist candidate, polled only 347 votes, and thus Mr. Bailey had a majority of 224 over both his opponents combined. The Radicals cannot say, therefore, that Mr. Lansbury's candidature cost them the seat. Mr. Bailey is well known as the proprietor of Bailey's Hotel at Gloucester Road.

To a great extent the death of Gustav Freytag, who died on April 30, has been in this country "unwept, unhonoured, and unsung." Yet he was an industrious and successful worker in the three fields of fiction, drama, and journalism, and attained considerable fame in his native land, and was regarded by Germans as the foremost representative of literature. In the sixties he surprised the



THE LATE GUSTAV FREYTAG.

Fatherland with "Soll und Haben," which in its translated form had great vogue in this country under the title of "Debit and Credit." This novel idealised the commercial career, and had three or four finely drawn characters, which did not suffer by translation. Freytag next wrote "Die Verlorene Handschrift," into which he put some admirable pictures of rural life. He was born at Kreuzburg, in Silesia, and had had many opportunities of studying the types of German rustics. He then turned to the history of his country, and was as conscientious and laborious in this department as he was in writing dramas. Twenty-two volumes attest his diligence, and explain also his failure to attain a world-wide fame. For in his attempt to be exact Freytag over-elaborated. One may, however,

safely prophesy that "Soll und Haben" will sustain his reputation for many a day.

He who saves life is greater than he who takes it, and a medical scientist like the late Sir George Buchanan deserves

a fame as wide as that of any general. The son of a London surgeon, George Buchanan was educated at University College, with which he afterwards had official connection. He graduated in 1856 as a doctor of medicine, and in the same year received the appointment of a medical officer of health to St. Giles's. Here he laboured with quiet persistency to improve the sanitary conditions of this crowded neighbourhood. He subsequently investigated the working of the Vaccination Acts, and inquired into the causes of an outbreak of typhus. In 1865 he inspected several towns, and in his report drew attention to the mitigation of the spread of consumption which better drainage would ensure. In 1879 he became chief medical officer to the Local Government Board, a post in which he did good service until his retirement in 1892, when he received knighthood. Sir George was a Fellow of the Royal Society, of the University of London, and of the Royal College of Physicians. His eldest son is a medical officer to the Local Government Board. Sir George died on May 5, and was buried on May 9 at Woking Cemetery.

There seems to be an alarming activity among retired majors. One of them is in the habit of threatening reviewers who do not admire a certain novelist. Another has intimated a desire to fight Dr. Tanner, who has proposed a meeting at Constantinople with "torpedoes." This feud has arisen from Dr. Tanner's rather obtrusive anxiety for the retirement of the Duke of Cambridge. But if every politician who proposes this step is to be assailed by a major, it may be necessary to set up a committee of public safety for the protection of enterprising members of the House of Commons.

The inheritor of a great name and of a fine voice, Sir Robert Peel, who died suddenly on May 9, might have been reasonably expected to have achieved more than the reputation of a clever man of the world. But there was lacking in him the dignity which won for his younger brother the Speakership, and the plodding industry which earned for his other brother, Sir Frederick,

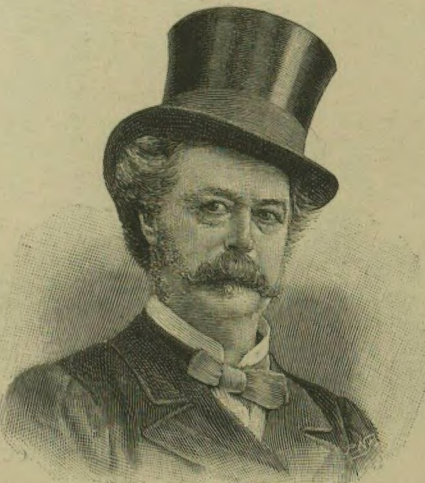


Photo by Fradette and Young.

THE LATE SIR ROBERT PEEL, BART.

the post of Chief Railway Commissioner. Yet in what might be called the more "showy" gifts the deceased Baronet quite eclipsed his brothers. "Your politician," says a modern writer, "has ever a taint of vanity"; and Sir Robert Peel was certainly not devoid of pride. He was to the last a fine-looking man; to the last his voice was a pleasure to hear. When one saw him walking down Piccadilly, with the jaunty air of a beau of a century ago, it was difficult to realise that here was a man who of the seventy-three years of his life had spent more than thirty as a member of Parliament, had represented his country in diplomacy, and had been Chief Secretary for Ireland. He was educated at Harrow and at Christ Church, Oxford, and succeeded his father, the ex-Prime Minister, in the baronetcy in 1850. His politics while in the House of Commons veered from Liberal to Conservative, and back again to Radical. His constituencies were successively Tamworth, the family seat of the Peels, Huntingdon, and Blackburn. He unsuccessfully came forward for Inverness Burghs and Brighton. It was only in 1889 that he made his last attempt to re-enter Parliament, where he was popular with members in all sections of politics. Sir Robert married, in 1856, a daughter of the eighth Marquis of Tweeddale. He is succeeded by his only son, who is twenty-eight years old.

O'Donovan Rossa, who made a scene in the House of Commons, and was summarily ejected, has been lecturing on his injuries. He accused Mr. Labouchere of having maligned him, and expressed his readiness to meet that gentleman anywhere with any weapons. Time was when this was no idle menace in the mouth of an Irish politician, but nobody "goes out" even in Ireland now. As for Rossa, he has been a blatant windbag for years. We can easily believe that he never was an agent of

the British Government, for no Government in its senses would dream of employing such an instrument. By his own countrymen, both at home and abroad, Rossa has long been regarded as a verbose nuisance.

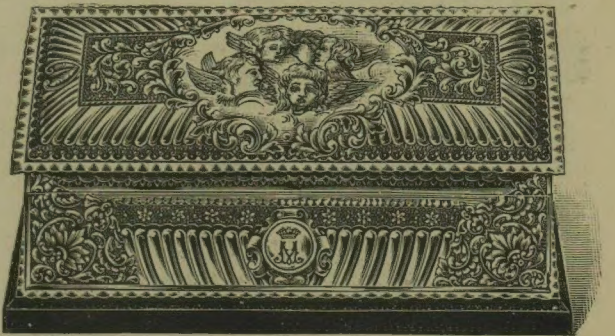
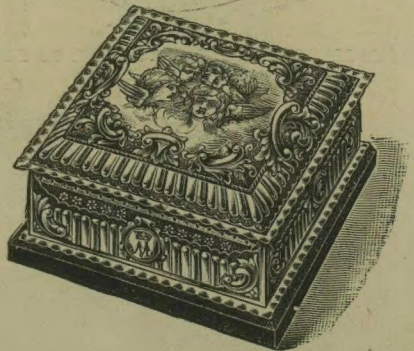
It was not to be expected that so energetic a journalist as Mr. A. E. Fletcher would, after his resignation of the editorship of the *Daily Chronicle*, esteem a Parliamentary candidature as sufficient employment of his time. It is now announced that Mr. Fletcher will assume on May 23 the editorial direction of the *New Age*, a weekly paper which has quickly attained a large measure of success. In his new work he will have the co-operation of the founder and former editor, Mr. F. A. Atkins, and of Mr. William Clarke (whose able pen has, if we are not mistaken, done good service for the *Daily Chronicle*), as well as of other writers. Mr. Fletcher will spare no effort to make the *New Age* still more enterprising and invigorating. He has in his fresh field of labour the good wishes of all his many friends.

A name which was long and honourably linked with this Journal is that of Mr. George C. Leighton, who died on May 8.

He prepared the first coloured supplement of *The Illustrated London News* just forty years ago, when such an idea was quite novel. For the next thirty years his firm, Messrs. Leighton Brothers, printed a succession of these supplements, which had great popularity. The picture

entitled "Little Red Riding Hood" sold to the extent of more than one million copies, and may be still seen on the walls of many a home in all parts of the world. After the founder of *The Illustrated London News*, Mr. Herbert Ingram, entered Parliament as M.P. for Boston—a constituency now represented by his son, Sir William Ingram, Bart.—he appointed Mr. George Leighton as chief manager. This was about the year 1856, and four years later Mr. Leighton's duties were still more responsible. For several years he had much to do with the business department of the paper, of which he was the publisher at one time, and won the esteem of all with whom he was brought in contact. Mr. Leighton retired a few years ago, and had since enjoyed a well-earned rest in his home at Highgate. He was in the sixty-ninth year of his age.

The Abbé de Broglie, brother of the Duc de Broglie, formerly French Minister in London, has been assassinated by a female lunatic. This tragedy illustrates the danger to which priests are exposed in dealing with religious maniacs. The confessional is always beset by hysterical women who tremble on the verge of insanity, and who ought to be placed under restraint in a cloister or an asylum. There is a measure before the French Chamber now for the establishment of criminal lunatic asylums. Priests who are harassed by excited penitents ought to agitate for the passing of the Bill.



In connection with the royal visit to Sheffield, these silver gilt caskets for the toilet-table were presented to the Duchess of York by Mr. Walter Mappin. They were designed and made throughout by Messrs. Mappin and Webb's workpeople at the Royal Silver Plate Works, Sheffield. The design is very graceful in conception. Medallions of Raphael's angels in oxidised silver are worked into the centre of the covers. The interior space is lined with rich white satin, and the whole enclosed in a winged case of royal red morocco lined with white velvet. The presentation took place at the Royal Silver Plate Works, which were gaily decorated in honour of the occasion.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, at Windsor Castle, whither she returned from Buckingham Palace on Thursday evening, May 9, has received the new Bishop of Hereford, the Right Rev. Dr. Percival, also the new Speaker to the House of Commons, and Lord Rosebery, and held a council on May 11. The Queen's guests at the Castle have been the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, the Duke of Grafton, Lord and Lady Amphil, Sir Henry Loch, late Governor of the Cape Colony, and Lady Loch, Sir H. Drummond Wolff, the Bishop of Rochester and Mrs. Randall Davidson, and the Bishop of Ripon. Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, with her son Prince Christian Victor and her daughter Princess Victoria, visited the Queen on May 10 and dined with her. The Duke of Connaught was at the Castle on May 14. The Queen goes to Balmoral on May 21.

The Prince and Princess of Wales on May 14 visited the Horse Show at the Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington.

Sir Henry Ponsonby, on account of his failing health, having resigned the offices of Keeper of the Privy Purse and Private Secretary to the Queen, Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Fleetwood Edwards has been appointed to the former and Lieutenant-Colonel Bigge to the latter office.

prison management. The Kurds are to be disarmed, and compensation is to be given to surviving inhabitants of the villages in the Sassoun district, which has been personally visited by the British, French, and Russian delegates, finding dreadful proofs of the wholesale massacres six months ago.

The French Government Budget, presented by M. Ribot, Premier and Finance Minister, shows a deficit of fifty-six million francs, to meet which he proposes an alteration of the succession duties, estimated to produce an addition of 25,000,000 f., or about one million sterling, a tax on domestic servants, men and women, to yield 10,000,000 f., and an increased tax on private carriages and horses, according to the number kept by the owner. The Prime Minister on Saturday, May 11, opened an exhibition at Bordeaux.

The German Imperial Government has sustained a severe political defeat in the Reichstag, which on Saturday May 11, by a large majority of the combined Opposition parties, rejected all the clauses of the Ministerial Bill for the repression of incitements to sedition or revolutionary agitation, or insubordination in the army. The Imperial Chancellor, Prince Hohenlohe, and Herr von Köller, Minister of the Interior of the kingdom of Prussia, have conferred with the Emperor William upon this disagreeable check. It was followed on May 13 by the rejection of the

PARLIAMENT.

The most interesting incidents in the House of Commons this week have arisen out of Lord Selborne's attempt to retain his seat for West Edinburgh in spite of his accession to the peerage. The controversy in the House began with a direct challenge from Mr. Labouchere, who asked the ruling of the Speaker as to the legitimacy of Lord Selborne's presence. In reply to the Speaker, Lord Selborne said he was "a peer of the realm, but not a peer of Parliament," the suggestion being that unless he applied for a writ of summons to the Lords he was not compelled either to take his seat in that assembly or to vacate his seat in the Commons. Sir William Harcourt declared that this was an idle technicality, as the writ of summons had nothing whatever to do with the law of a peer's position, but was only a formal recognition of the fact that he had become entitled to sit in the Upper House. Mr. Balfour suggested the view that an English peer becomes *ipso facto* a member of the House of Lords, and ineligible to sit in the representative House. Mr. Chamberlain, who had a sharp passage of arms with the Chancellor of the Exchequer, expressed his sympathy with Lord Selborne and suggested that any inquiry that might be made should be extended to the case of another member, Sir James Carmichael, who was understood to claim the

Lord Carrington. Duchess of York. Queen Regent. Prince of Wales. Princess Maud.



Princess of Wales. Princess Victoria. Duke of York. Queen Wilhelmina. Duchess of Albany. Lord Rosebery.

DEPARTURE OF QUEEN WILHELMINA AND THE QUEEN REGENT OF THE NETHERLANDS: SCENE AT VICTORIA STATION ON MAY 9.

See "Our Illustrations."

The Duke and Duchess of York on Friday evening, May 10, arrived at Sheffield as guests of the Duke of Norfolk at The Farm, and next day visited the town. The proceedings are described and illustrated in another part of this paper.

The Duke of Fife on Saturday, May 11, presided at the eightieth annual dinner of the Artists' Benevolent Institution, at the Hôtel Métropole.

Lord Salisbury on May 10, at Stafford House, presided at a Church extension meeting in support of the Bishop of St. Albans' Fund. The Right Hon. A. J. Balfour and the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain made speeches at the dinner of the London Municipal Society. The Duke of Devonshire on May 9 spoke at a dinner of the Iron and Steel Institute; and next day, at Derby, for Church extension in the diocese of Southwell or Nottingham.

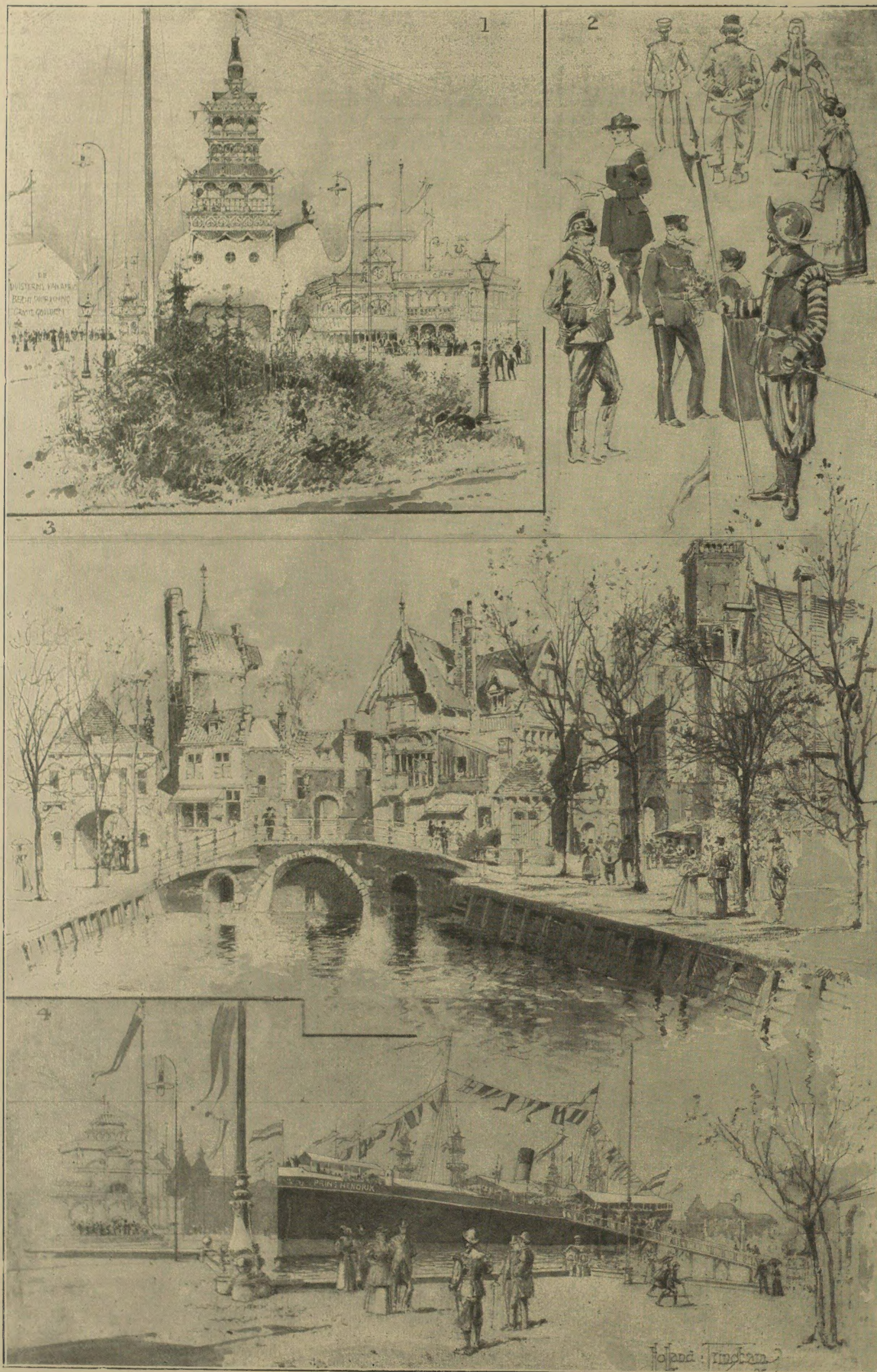
The proposals of Great Britain, Russia, and France to the Sultan of Turkey for the better government of the Armenian provinces have been presented at Constantinople. They prescribe the appointment of a High Commissioner, not a Christian, but approved by the three Powers, to supervise the projected reforms; then a permanent Commission, of Mussulmans and Christians, to watch over the future administration; one-third of all the Government officials to be Christians; the appointment of Valis, or Governors, to be subject to their approval by the Powers; with some regulations of judicial courts and

Bill for increasing the tax on tobacco. The session of the Reichstag would be closed at the end of the week. The Emperor goes to Silesia for a few days' shooting.

The Mikado of Japan on May 13 issued an Imperial Decree stating, in a truly dignified and wisely conciliatory manner, that Japan has complied with the desires of Russia, France, and Germany, which Governments had advised her that the permanent keeping by her of the Liao-tung peninsula would not tend to the permanent maintenance of peace in Eastern Asia. Japan did not wish to stir up fresh trouble, since China had shown regret for her breach of the friendship which formerly existed between her and Japan, and which should now be restored. The two empires will arrange between themselves the mode of evacuating that territory on the Chinese mainland now held by Japanese troops, and the extra pecuniary indemnity to be paid to Japan. The friendly offices of England, Italy, and the United States are frankly acknowledged.

A Japanese naval squadron has been sent to take possession of the large island of Formosa, opposite to the south-eastern coast of China, formally ceded to Japan by the treaty of peace. Admiral Viscount Kabayama is appointed Viceroy of Formosa. The northern part of the island yields abundance of coal and minerals, and the soil and climate are favourable to sugar and tea plantations. There are Chinese settlements on the west coast, but the eastern highland tribes are wild.

barony of Hyndford in Scotland. On the following day the House adopted by an overwhelming majority a resolution proposed by Sir William Harcourt to the effect that a Special Committee should be appointed to decide whether the Earl of Selborne had succeeded to his title. This means, of course, a foregone conclusion, and it will follow that the seat for West Edinburgh must be vacated. The Government have agreed, however, that the new writ shall not be issued till the other Committee reports—that is to say, the Committee on the Vacation of Seats which was appointed to consider Lord Coleridge's case, and has already been sitting for nearly a year without result. Such is the expedition with which constitutional questions are settled in this country. Very little progress has been made with the Welsh Disestablishment Bill. Clause one was passed by a majority of nineteen, after the defeat of an amendment which proposed to make the Bill abortive in any parish in which it could be shown that no regular minister of the Calvinistic Methodists had officiated for six months before the passing of the Act. The Budget resolution reimposing the duty of sixpence a barrel on beer was passed by a majority of twenty-four. A singular proposal by a Welsh member that a Select Committee should be appointed to examine the conduct of the London and North-Western Railway Company in refusing to employ labourers who speak only Welsh was negatived without a division.



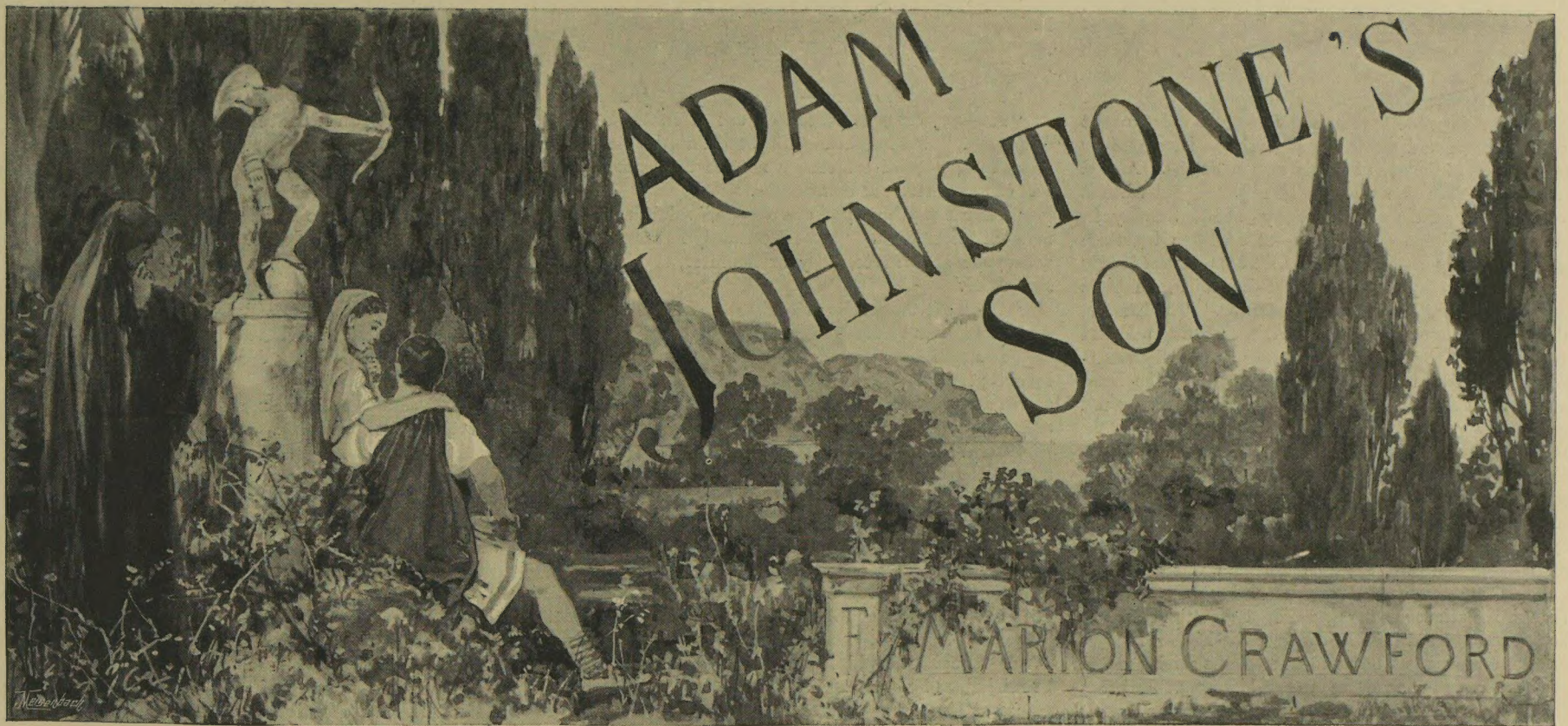
1. The Great White Elephant.

2. Some Costumes at the Show.

3. The Bridge and Canal, Old Holland.

4. The Boat Restaurant.

THE AMSTERDAM EXHIBITION, OPENED ON MAY 11.



ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

CHAPTER VIII.

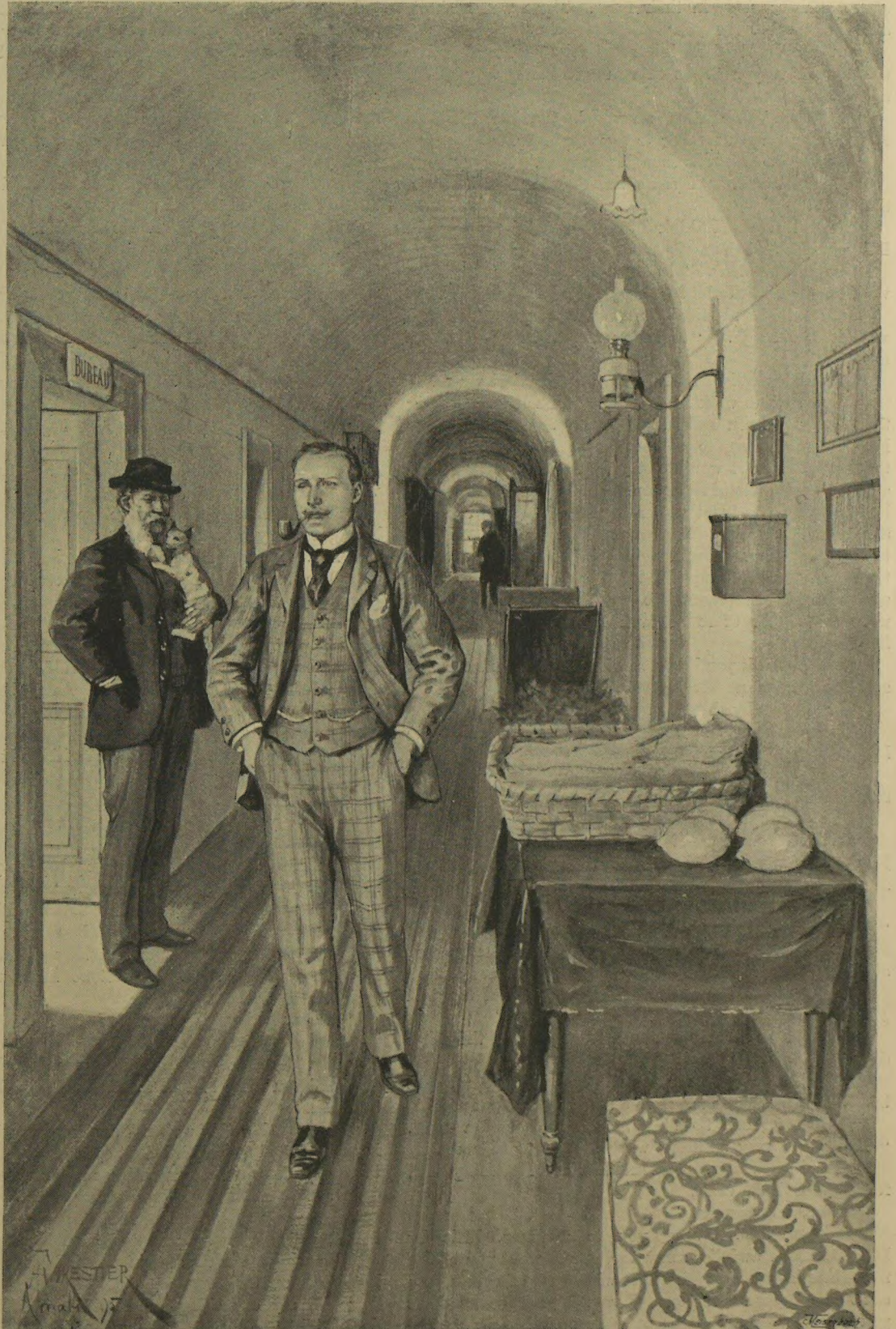
In obedience to Clare's expressed wish, Johnstone made no mention that evening of the rather serious adventure on the Salerno Road. They had fallen into the habit of shaking hands when they bade each other good-night. When it was time, and the two ladies rose to withdraw, Johnstone suddenly wished that Clare would make some little sign to him—the least thing to show that this particular evening was not precisely what all the other evenings had been, that they were drawn a little closer together, that perhaps she would change her mind and not dislike him any more for that unknown reason at which he could not even guess.

They joined hands, and his eyes met hers. But there was no unusual pressure—no little acknowledgment of a common danger past. The blue eyes looked at him straight and proudly, without softening, and the fresh lips calmly said "Good-night." Johnstone remained alone, and in a singularly bad humour for such a good-tempered man. He was angry with Clare for being so cold and indifferent, and he was ashamed of himself for wishing that she would admire him a little for having knocked down a tipsy carter. It was not much of an exploit. What she had done had been very much more remarkable. The man would not have killed him, of course; but he might have given him a very dangerous wound with that ugly clasp-knife. Clare's frock was cut to pieces on one side, and it was a wonder that she had escaped without a scratch. He had no right to expect any praise for what he had done, when she had done so much more.

To tell the truth, it was not praise that he wanted, but a sign that she was not indifferent to him, or at least that she no longer disliked him. He was ashamed to own to himself that he was half in love with a young girl who had told him that she did not like him and would never even be his friend. Women had not usually treated him in that way, so far. But the fact remained that she had got possession of his thoughts, and made him think about his actions when she was present. It took a good deal to disturb Brook Johnstone's young sleep, but he did not sleep well that night.

As for Clare, when she was alone, she regretted that she had not just nodded kindly to him, and nothing more, when she had said good-night. She knew perfectly well that he expected something of the sort, and that it would have been natural, and quite harmless, without any possibility of consequence. She consoled herself by repeating that she had done quite right, as the vision of Lady Fan rose distinctly before her in a flood of memory's moonlight. Then it struck her, as the vision faded, that her position was a very odd one. Personally, she liked the man. Impersonally she hated and despised him. At least, she believed that she did, and that she should, for the sake of all women. To her, as she had known him, he was brave, kind, gentle in manner and speech, boyishly frank. As she had seen him that once, she had thought him heartless, cowardly, and cynical. She could not reconcile the two; and therefore, in her thoughts, she unconsciously divided him into two individualities—her Mr. Johnstone and Lady Fan's Brook. There was very little resemblance between them. Oddly enough, she felt a sort of pang for him that he could ever have been the other man whom she had first seen. She was getting into a very complicated frame of mind.

They met in the morning and exchanged greetings with unusual coldness. Brook asked whether she was tired; she said that she had done nothing to tire her, as though she resented the question; he said nothing in answer, and they both looked at the sea, and thought it extremely dull. Presently Johnstone went off for a walk alone, and Clare buried herself in a book for the morning. She did not wish to think, because her thoughts were so very contradictory. It was easier to try and follow someone else's ideas. She found that



Johnstone hung about the reading-room and smoked a pipe in the long corridor till he was sick of the sound of his own footsteps.

almost worse than thinking, but, being very tenacious, she stuck to it, and tried to read.

At the midday meal they exchanged commonplaces, and neither looked at the other. Just as they left the dining-room a heavy thunderstorm broke overhead with a deluge of rain. Clare said that the thunder made her head ache, and she disappeared on pretence of lying down. Mrs. Bowring went to write letters, and Johnstone hung about the reading-room and smoked a pipe in the long corridor till he was sick of the sound of his own footsteps. Amalfi was all very well in fine weather, he reflected, but when it rained it was as dismal as penny whist, Sunday in London, or a volume of sermons—or all three together, he added viciously in his thoughts. The German family had fallen back upon the guide-book, Mommsen's "History of Rome," and the "Gartenlaube." The Russian invalid was presumably in his room, with a tea-pot, and the two English old maids were reading a violently sensational novel aloud to each other by turns in the hotel drawing-room. They stopped reading and got very red when Johnstone looked in.

It was a dreary afternoon, and he wished that something would happen. The fight on the preceding day had stirred his blood—and other things, perhaps, had contributed to his restless state of mind. He thought of Clare's torn frock, and he wished he had killed the carter outright. He reflected that, as the man was attacking him with a knife, he himself would have been acquitted.

Late in the afternoon the sky cleared and the red light of the lowering sun struck the crests of the higher hills to eastward. Brook went out and smelled the earth-scented air, and the damp odour of the orange-blossoms. But that did not please him either, so he turned back and went through the long corridor to the platform at the back of the hotel. To his surprise he came face to face with Clare, who was walking briskly backwards and forwards, and saw him just as he emerged from the door. They both stood still and looked at each other with an odd little constraint, almost like anxiety, in their faces. There was a short, awkward silence.

"Well?" said Clare interrogatively, and raising her eyebrows a very little, as though wondering why he did not speak.

"Nothing," Johnstone answered, turning his face seaward. "I wasn't going to say anything."

"Oh!—you looked as though you were."

"No," he said. "I came out to get a breath of air, that's all."

"So did I. I—I think I've been out long enough. I'll go in." And she made a step towards the door.

"Oh, please don't!" he cried suddenly. "Can't we walk together a little bit? That is, if you are not tired."

"Oh no! I'm not tired," answered the young girl with a cold little laugh. "I'll stay if you like just a few minutes."

"Thanks awfully," said Brook, in a shy, jerky way.

They began to walk up and down, much less quickly than Clare had been walking when alone. They seemed to have nothing to say to each other. Johnstone remarked that he thought it would not rain again just then, and after some minutes of reflection Clare said that she remembered having seen two thunderstorms within an hour, with a clear sky between, not long ago. Johnstone also thought the matter over for some time before he answered, and then said that he supposed the clouds must have been somewhere in the meantime—an observation which did not strike either Clare or even himself as particularly intelligent.

"I don't think you know much about thunderstorms," said Clare, after another silence.

"I? No—why should I?"

"I don't know. It's supposed to be just as well to know about things, isn't it?"

"I dare say," answered Brook indifferently. "But science isn't exactly in my line, if I have any line."

They recrossed the platform in silence.

"What is your line—if you have any?" Clare asked, looking at the ground as she walked, and perfectly indifferent as to his answer.

"It ought to be beer," answered Brook gravely. "But then, you know how it is—one has all sorts of experts, and one ends by taking their word for granted about it. I don't believe I have any line—unless it's in the way of out-of-door things. I'm fond of shooting, and I can ride fairly, you know, like anybody else."

"Yes," said Clare, "you were telling me so the other day, you know."

"Yes," Johnstone murmured thoughtfully, "that's true. Please excuse me. I'm always repeating myself."

"I didn't mean that." Her tone changed a little. "You can be very amusing when you like, you know."

"Thanks, awfully. I should like to be amusing now, for instance, but I can't."

"Now? Why now?"

"Because I'm boring you to madness, little by little, and I'm awfully sorry too, for I want you to like me—though you say you never will—and, of course, you can't like a bore, can you? I say, Miss Bowring, don't you think we could strike some sort of friendly agreement—to be friends without 'liking,' somehow? I'm beginning to hate the word. I believe it's the colour of my hair or my coat—or something—that you dislike so. I

wish you'd tell me. It would be much kinder. I'd go to work and change it—"

"Dye your hair?" Clare laughed, glad that the ice was broken again.

"Oh yes—if you like," he answered, laughing too. "Anything to please you."

"Anything 'in reason'—as you proposed yesterday."

"No—anything in reason or out of it. I'm getting desperate!" He laughed again, but in his laughter there was a little note of something new to the young girl—a sort of understreak of earnestness.

"It isn't anything you can change," said Clare, after a moment's hesitation. "And it certainly has nothing to do with your appearance, or your manners, or your tailor," she added.

"Oh, well, then, it's evidently something I've done or said," Brook murmured, looking at her.

But she did not return his glance as they walked side by side; indeed, she turned her face from him a little, and she said nothing, for she was far too truthful to deny his assertion.

"Then I'm right?" he said, with an interrogation after a long pause.

"Don't ask me, please! It's of no importance, after all. Talk of something else."

"I don't agree with you," Brook answered. "It is very important to me."

"Oh, nonsense!" Clare tried to laugh. "What difference can it make to you whether I like you or not?"

"Don't say that. It makes a great difference—more than I thought it could, in fact. One—one doesn't like to be misjudged by one's friends, you know."

"But I'm not your friend."

"I want you to be."

"I can't."

"You won't," said Brook in a lower tone, and almost angrily. "You've made up your mind against me on account of something you've guessed at, and you won't tell me what it is, so I can't possibly defend myself. I haven't the least idea what it can be. I never did anything particularly bad, I believe, and I never did anything I should be ashamed of owning. I don't like to say that sort of thing, you know, about myself, but you drive me to it. It isn't fair. Upon my word, it's not fair play. You tell a man he's a bad lot, like that, in the air, and then you refuse to say why you think so. Or else the whole thing is a sort of joke you've invented—if it is, it's awfully one-sided, it seems to me."

"Do you really think me capable of anything so silly?" asked Clare.

"No, I don't. That makes it all the worse, because it proves that you have—or think you have—something against me. I don't know much about law, but it strikes me as something tremendously like libel. Don't you think so yourself?"

"Oh no! Indeed I don't. Libel means saying things against people, doesn't it? I haven't done that—"

"Indeed you have! I mean, I beg your pardon for contradicting you like that—"

"Rather flatly," observed Clare, as they turned in their walk, and their eyes met.

"Well, I'm sorry, but since we are talking about it, I've got to say what I think. After all, I'm the person attacked. I have a right to defend myself."

"I haven't attacked you," answered the young girl gravely.

"I won't be rude if I can help it," said Brook half roughly. "But I asked you if you disliked me for something I had done or said, and you couldn't deny it. That means that I have done or said something bad enough to make you say that you will never be my friend, and that must be something very bad indeed."

"Then you think I'm not squeamish? It would have to be something very, very bad."

"Yes."

"Thank you. Well, I thought it very bad. Anybody would, I should fancy."

"I never did anything very, very bad, so you must be mistaken," answered Johnstone, exasperated.

Clare said nothing, but walked along with her head rather high, looking straight before her. It had all happened before her eyes, on the very ground under her feet, on that platform. Johnstone knew that he had spoken roughly.

"I say," he began, "was I rude? I'm awfully sorry."

Clare stopped and stood still.

"Mr. Johnstone, we sha'n't agree. I will never tell you, and you will never be satisfied unless I do. So it's a deadlock."

"You are horribly unjust," answered Brook, very much in earnest, and fixing his bright eyes on hers. "You seem to take a delight in tormenting me with this imaginary secret. After all, if it's something you saw me do or heard me say, I must know of it and remember it, so there's no earthly reason why we shouldn't discuss it."

There was again that fascination in his eyes, and she felt herself yielding.

"I'll say one thing," she said: "I wish you hadn't done it!"

She felt that she could not look away from him, and that he was getting her into his power. The colour rose in her face.

"Please don't look at me!" she said suddenly, gazing helplessly into his eyes, but his steady look did not change.

"Please—oh, please look away!" she cried, half-frightened and growing pale again.

He turned from her, surprised at her manner.

"I'm afraid you're not in earnest about this, after all," he said thoughtfully. "If you meant what you said, why shouldn't you look at me?"

She blushed scarlet again.

"It's very rude to stare like that!" she said in an offended tone. "You know that you've got something—I don't know what to call it—one can't look away when you look at one. Of course, you know it, and you ought not to do it. It isn't nice."

"I didn't know there was anything peculiar about my eyes," said Brook. "Indeed I didn't! Nobody ever told me so, I'm sure. By Jove!" he exclaimed, "I believe it's that! I've probably done it before—and that's why you—" he stopped.

"Please don't think me so silly," answered Clare, recovering her composure. "It's nothing of the sort. As for that—that way you have of looking—I dare say I'm nervous since my illness. Besides"—she hesitated and then smiled—"besides, do you know, if you had looked at me a moment longer I should have told you the whole thing, and then we should both have been sorry."

"I should not, I'm sure," said Brook with conviction. "But I don't understand about my looking at you. I never tried to mesmerise anyone—"

"There is no such thing as mesmerism. It's all hypnotism, you know."

"I don't know what they call it. You know what I mean. But I'm sure it's your imagination."

"Oh, yes, I dare say," answered the young girl, with affected carelessness. "It's merely because I'm nervous."

"Well, so far as I'm concerned, it's quite unconscious. I don't know—I suppose I wanted to see in your eyes what you were thinking about. Besides, when one likes a person, one doesn't think it so dreadfully rude to look at them—at him—I mean at you—when one is in earnest about something—does one?"

"I don't know," said Clare. "But please don't do it to me. It makes me feel awfully uncomfortable, somehow. You won't, will you?" she asked, with a sort of appeal. "You would make me tell you everything—and then I should hate myself."

"But I shouldn't hate you."

"Oh, yes, you would! You would hate me for knowing."

"By Jove! It's too bad!" cried Brook. "But as for that," he added humbly, "nothing would make me hate you."

"Nothing? You don't know!"

"Yes, I do! You couldn't make me change my mind about you. I've grown to—like you a great deal too much for that in this short time—a great deal more than is good for me, I believe," he added, with a sort of rough impulsiveness. "Not that I'm at all surprised, you know," he continued, with an attempt at a laugh. "One can't see a person like you most of the day for ten days or a fortnight without—well, you know, admiring you most tremendously—can one? I daresay you think that might be put into better English. But it's true all the same."

A silence followed. The warm blood mantled softly in the girl's fair cheeks. She was taken by surprise with an odd little breath of happiness, as it were, suddenly blowing upon her, whence she knew not. It was so utterly new that she wondered at it, and was not conscious of the faint blush that answered it.

"One gets awfully intimate in a few days," observed Brook, as though he had discovered something quite new.

She nodded, but said nothing, and they still walked up and down. Then his words made her think of that sudden intimacy which had probably sprung up between him and Lady Fan on board the yacht, and her heart was hardened again.

"It isn't worth while to be intimate, as you call it," she said at last, with a little sudden sharpness. "People ought never to be intimate, unless they have to live together—in the same place, you know. Then they can't exactly help it, I suppose."

"Why should they? One can't exactly entrench oneself behind a wall with pistols and say, 'Be my friend if you dare.' Life would be very uncomfortable, I should think."

"Oh, you know what I mean! Don't be so awfully literal."

"I was trying to understand," said Johnstone, with unusual meekness. "I won't if you don't want me to. But I don't agree with you a bit. I think it's very jolly to be intimate—in this sort of way—or perhaps a little more so."

"Intimate enemies? Enemies can be just as intimate as friends, you know."

"I'd rather have you for my intimate enemy than not know you at all," said Brook.

"That's saying a great deal, Mr. Johnstone."

Again she was pleased in a new way by what he said. And a temptation came upon her unawares. It was perfectly clear that he was beginning to make love to her. She thought of her reflections after she had seen him alone

with Lady Fan, and of how she had wished that she could break his heart, and pay him back with suffering for the pain he had given another woman. The possibility seemed nearer now than then. At least, she could easily let him believe that she believed him, and then laugh at him and his acting. For of course it was acting. How could such a man be earnest? All at once the idea that he should respect her so little as to pretend to make love to her incensed her.

"What an extraordinary idea!" she exclaimed rather scornfully. "You would rather be hated than not known!"

"I wasn't talking generalities—I was speaking of you. Please don't misunderstand me on purpose. It isn't kind."

"Are you in need of kindness just now? You don't exactly strike one in that way, you know. But your people will be coming in a day or two, I suppose. I've no doubt they'll be kind to you, as you call it—whatever that may mean. One speaks of being kind to animals and servants, you know—that sort of thing."

Nothing can outdo the brutality of a perfectly unaffected young girl under certain circumstances.

"I don't class myself with either, thank you," said Brook, justly offended. "You certainly manage to put things in a new light sometimes. I feel rather like that mule we saw yesterday."

"Oh! I thought you didn't class yourself with animals!" she laughed.

"Have you any particular reason for saying horrid disagreeable things?" asked Brook coldly.

There was a pause.

"I didn't mean to be disagreeable—at least, not so disagreeable as all that," said Clare at last. "I don't know why it is, but you have a talent for making me seem rude."

"Force of example," suggested Johnstone.

"No, I'll say that for you—you have very good manners."

"Thanks, awfully! Considering the provocation, you know, that's an immense compliment."

"I thought I would be 'kind' for a change. By-the-bye, what are we quarrelling about?" She laughed. "You began by saying something very nice to me, and then I told you that you were like the mule, didn't I? It's very odd. I believe you hypnotise me, after all."

"At all events, if we were not intimate, you couldn't possibly say the things you do," observed Brook, already pacified.

"And I suppose you would not take the things I say so meekly, would you?"

"I told you I was a very mild person," said Johnstone. "We were talking about it yesterday, do you remember?"

"Oh, yes! And then you illustrated your idea of meekness by knocking down the first man we met."

"It was your fault," retorted Brook. "You told me to stop his beating the mule. So I did. Fortunately you stopped him from sticking a knife into me. Do you know, you have awfully good nerves. Most women would have screamed and run up a tree—or something. They would have got out of the way, at all events."

"I think most women would have done precisely what

I did," said Clare. "Why should you say that most women are cowards?"

"I didn't," answered Brook. "But I refuse to quarrel about it. I meant to say that I admired you—I mean, what you did—well, more than anything."

"That's a sweeping sort of compliment. Am I to return it?" She glanced at him and smiled.

"You couldn't, with truth."

"Of course I could. I don't remember ever seeing anything of that sort before, but I don't believe that anybody could have done it better. I admired you more than anything just then, you know." She laughed once more as she added the last words.

"Is this sort of thing to go on for ever, Miss Bowring?" he asked gravely.

"What?" But she knew very well what he meant.

"This—this very odd footing we are on, you and I. Are we never going to get past it?"

"Oh—I hope not," answered Clare cheerfully. "I think it's very pleasant, don't you? And most original. We are intimate enough to say all sorts of things; and I'm your enemy, and you say you are my friend. I can't imagine any better arrangement. We shall always laugh when we think of it—even years hence. You will be going away in a few days, and we shall stay here into the summer, and we shall never see each other again, in all probability. We shall always look back on this time as something quite odd, you know."

"You are quite mistaken if you think that we shall never meet again," said Johnstone.

"I mean that it's very unlikely. You see we don't go home very often, and when we do we stop with friends in the country. We don't go much into society. And the rest of the time we generally live in Florence."

"There is nothing to prevent me from coming to Florence—or living there, if I choose."

"Oh no—I suppose not. Except that you would be bored to death. It's not very amusing, unless you happen to be fond of pictures; and you never said you were."

"I should go to see you."

"Oh—yes—you could call, and of course, if we were at home, we should be very glad to see you. But that would only occupy about half-an-hour of one day. That isn't much."

"I mean that I should go to Florence simply for the sake of seeing you, and seeing you often—all the time, in fact."

"Dear me! That would be a great deal, wouldn't it? I thought you meant just to call, don't you know?"

"I'm in earnest, though it sounds very funny I dare say," said Johnstone.

"It sounds rather mad," answered Clare, laughing a little. "I hope you won't do anything of the kind, because I wouldn't see you more than once or twice. I'd have headaches and colds and concerts—all the things one has when one isn't at home to people. But my mother would be delighted. She likes you tremendously, you know, and you could go about to galleries to-

gether and read Ruskin and Browning—do you know the Statue and the Bust? And you could go and see Casa Guidi, where the Brownings lived; and you could drive up to San Miniato; and then, you know, you could drive up again and read more Browning and more Ruskin. I'm sure you would enjoy it to any extent. But I should have to go through a terrific siege of colds and headaches. It would be rather hard on me."

"And harder on me," observed Brook, "and quite fearful for Mrs. Bowring."

"Oh, no! She would enjoy every minute of it. You forget that she likes you."

"You are afraid I should forget that you don't."

"I almost—oh, a long way from quite!—I almost liked you yesterday when you thrashed the carter and tied him up so neatly. It was beautifully done—all those knots!



A silence followed. The warm blood mantled softly in the girl's fair cheeks.

"Oh, I don't expect you to go on admiring me. I'm quite satisfied and grateful, and all that."

"I'm glad you're so easily satisfied. Couldn't we talk seriously about something or other? It seems to me that we've been chaffing for half an hour, haven't we?"

"It hasn't been all chaff, Miss Bowring," said Johnstone. "At least not on my side."

"Then I'm sorry," Clare answered. They relapsed into silence as they walked their beat to and fro. The sun had gone down, and it was already twilight on that side of the mountains. The rain had cooled the air, and the far land to southward was darkly distinct beyond the purple water. It was very chilly, and Clare was without a shawl and Johnstone was hatless, but neither of them noticed it was cool. Johnstone was the first to speak.

I suppose you learned them on board of the yacht, didn't you?"

"I've yachted a good deal," said Brook.

"Generally with that party?" inquired Clare.

"No. That was the first time. My father has an old tub he goes about in, and we sometimes go together."

"Is he coming here in his 'old tub'?"

"Oh, no—he's lent her to a fellow who has taken her off to Japan, I believe."

"Japan! Is it safe? In an 'old tub'!"

"Oh, well—that's a way of talking, you know. She's a good enough boat, you know. My father went to New York in her last year. She's a steamer, you know. I hate steamers. They are such dirty, noisy things. But of course if you are going a long way they are the only things."

He spoke in a jerky way, annoyed and discomfited by her forcing the conversation off the track, though he was aware that he had gone further than he intended when he proposed to spend the winter in Florence. Moreover, he was very tenacious by nature, and had rarely been seriously opposed during his short life. Her persistent refusal to tell him the cause of her deep-rooted dislike exasperated him, while her frank and careless manner and good-fellowship fascinated him more and more.

"Tell me all about the yacht," she said. "I'm sure she is a beauty, though you call her an old tub."

"I don't want to talk about yachts," he answered, returning to the attack in spite of her. "I want to talk about the chances of seeing you after we part here."

"There aren't any," replied the young girl carelessly. "What is the name of the yacht?"

"Very commonplace—*Lucy*, that's all. I'll make chances if there are none."

"You mustn't say that '*Lucy*' is commonplace. That's my mother's name."

"I beg your pardon. I couldn't know that. It always struck me that it wasn't much of a name for a yacht, you know. That was all I meant. He's a queer old bird, my father; he always says he took it from the *Bride of Lammermoor*. Heaven knows why. But, please—I really can't go away and feel that I'm not to see you again soon. You seem to think that I'm chaffing. I'm not. I'm very serious. I like you very much, and I don't see why one should just meet and then go off and let that be the end—do you?"

"I don't see why not," exclaimed Clare, hating the unexpected longing she felt to agree with him and to let him come and stay in Florence as much as he pleased.

"Come—it's too cold here. I must be going in."

(To be continued.)

ART NOTES.

It was a happy thought of the manager of the Fine Art Society's Exhibition to bring into juxtaposition the water-colour drawings of Mr. Stacy Marks and the cartoons of Sir John Tenniel. Mr. Marks has enjoyed the credit of being able to endow birds of all kinds with human thoughts and passions, whilst Sir John Tenniel has often to clothe human beings in animal shape, or to typify by it their

work, taken as a whole, shows more of that solidity—we had almost written "rotundity"—which the Northumbrian artist displayed. Mr. Marks's prepossessions obviously lie in the direction of parrots, cockatoos, and macaws, and he has a most remarkable facility for throwing into their apparently formless faces every conceivable human passion without in the least degree departing from accurate truth. It seems a pity that Mr. Marks could not be appointed

independence, and re-engaged in the French cavalry after the Restoration. We next trace him in England in 1840, when he made sketches of the Queen in London and at Windsor, on horseback or surrounded by soldiers, leaving the Opera House or driving in the Park.

In 1841 M. Guys was at Madrid, and a year or two later at Rome and Naples, and back again to London, where he



THREE WATCHERS.—BY H. STACY MARKS, R.A.

Exhibited at the Fine Art Society, New Bond Street.

portrait-painter in ordinary to the parrot-house at the Zoological Gardens, while a biography of each bird should be written by Mr. Bartlett, not only for future information, but to show how far the painter's insight into parrot character, as displayed in his paintings, is borne out by those who are brought into daily contact with bird life.

There is now on view in Paris (Galerie Georges Petit) a collection of sketches made by the man to whom Beaudelaire devoted a chapter of his volume "*L'Art Romantique*," under the title of "*le peintre de la vie moderne*." Constantin Guys, to whom this distinctive term was applied, died two years ago in the Hospice Dubois, at the

found employment in making sketches for *The Illustrated London News*, and at a subsequent period, while serving in the Crimea, he contributed not only sketches, but articles on tactics and military matters. The value of his services and the charm of his manner were fully recognised by the managers of this Journal, and an offer was made to him which would have ensured him comfort during the latter years of his life. M. Guys' love of independence would not permit him to accept a reward he had fairly earned. Before this, however, he had kept artistic and literary Paris in a prolonged state of excited curiosity. From time to time, at uncertain intervals, the picture-shops and book-stalls of Paris were covered with drawings in chalk, charcoal, ink, and sometimes worked with water-colours. The subjects never varied—soldiers, women, horses, and equipages with their riders or drivers. No one knew whence the drawings came—the caricaturist or moralist remained absolutely unknown. Few possessed artistic excellence; all were endowed with life and reality. Guys, moreover, when his identity was at last disclosed, protested against the idea of being regarded as an artist. He was, in fact, a pencil moralist, who travelled and observed, for whom low life had no more repulsions than high life had attractions, but both furnished him with subjects of amusement and reflection.

The studies from Nature issued under the title of "*Impressioni dal Vero*," by Signor Achille Formis (G. Ricordi and Co., Milan), are not only remarkable in themselves, but open the wide question as to how far by means of pencil drawings it is able to convey to students and scholars the aims which a painter should have in view. The starting-point of Signor Formis's system is apparently the well-known precept of the artist's craft laid down by Vasari, "*Bisogna dipingere colla matita e disegnare col pennello*." Certainly in these latter days, when work in black and white has acquired such prominence, this old-world maxim has been thoroughly justified. Signor Formis maintains—and his numerous examples prove that he is justified in his contention—that the most varied effects of luminosity and of aerial perspective, whether under bright sun-rays or diffused light, are equally attainable in pencil work as by means of colour. He seems to work with pencils of various breadth and hardness; but in all these drawings, which include studies of mountains, plains, rivers "in spate" and in repose, palaces and cottages, he conveys the sense of colour, although he uses none. To the student these "*Impressioni dal Vero*" will be valuable as giving him the opportunity of working out for himself, within the limits set down by the model, the details of the gradations of light and shadow suggested by the drawings. He will, moreover, learn from them the useful lesson of how far it is possible to detach a small paintable subject from its surroundings, a problem which not unfrequently is evaded or ignored by artists of repute.



GROUND PARROT.—BY H. STACY MARKS, R.A.

Exhibited at the Fine Art Society, New Bond Street.

ways and inclinations. Both artists are essentially humorists, but of a very different cast of mind; and although at times their ideas often seem directed towards the same object, they never actually meet. That Mr. Marks's birds in the present exhibition display his mastery over all merely technical difficulties almost goes without saying; but he seems to have abandoned in no small degree that minute method of building up his birds' plumage which characterised his earlier work. There are, it is true, several exceptions to this broader style of painting, and in our opinion they are the most attractive; but it is evident that Mr. Marks has not studied Bewick in vain; and his present

age of eighty-seven. Seven years before, he had been brought into the hospital with a broken leg, having been run over by a careless cabman. The "*Visions de C. Guys*," "*High Life—Low Life*," have now been, so far as it was possible, collected by M. Nadar, the aeronaut, photographer, and philanthropist, and furnish a sort of key to the life of a very remarkable man. Constantin Guys was born at Flushing, but came to Paris at a very early age. How he passed his youth, or who were his belongings, few knew and none survive to tell. All that is known positively of him is that having performed his military duties in France, he served with Byron in the Greek wars of

LITERATURE.

AN IMPERIAL FEDERATIONIST ON CANADA.

BY GOLDWIN SMITH.

The Great Dominion: Studies of Canada. By George R. Parkin, M.A., Hon. LL.D. University New Brunswick. With maps. (Macmillan and Co., London and New York).—Canadians, both British and French, have much reason to be proud and thankful. They may hope, whatever their ultimate destiny in regard to political relations may be, to play a fair part in the grand drama of their respective races, and in the still grander drama of humanity. But inflated panegyric is not good either for them or for those with whom they have to deal, and who are invited to invest capital in their country.

Mr. Parkin sets out by telling us that the territory of Canada comprises nearly forty per cent. of the whole empire, and covers half of the North American Continent. It is singular, he must own, that while the population of three-fifths of the empire is three hundred and forty millions, that of the remaining two-fifths should be only five millions; and that the population of half, and, as we should gather from his general description, the better half, of the continent of North America should have a population of only one-sixteenth of that of the other half. The marvel is enhanced by a large and continual exodus from the better half into the other. To enable his readers to understand the Canadian question, Mr. Parkin ought to have furnished them, not only with a political, but with a physical and economical map. They would then have been able to distinguish habitable and cultivable territory from wide tracts of desert or polar expanses of ice and snow. They would have seen the real configuration of the broken line of provinces of which the Dominion is made up, and would have been able to judge whether it is possible finally to sever these provinces from the rest of the continent, and weld them into a separate nation. The map would be still more instructive if it were ethnological as well as physical, and showed the geographical relation of the British and French races in the Dominion to each other.

Viewing the question in its political aspect, it would have been well to state in what sense Canada is taken to be a portion of the British Empire. The British Government no longer disposes of her Crown lands or of any part of her soil. She does not obey British law, not even the law of marriage or of copyright. She contributes nothing to British armaments. She lays protective duties on British goods, and defies remonstrance on that subject. She now claims the right of making her own commercial treaties. Mr. Parkin and his friends may have a grand scheme of federation in store, though as yet it is like the earth before creation—without form and void. But as matters are at present, can the connection, whatever its advantages, be with any propriety called Empire?

That Toronto is intensely English is rather a strong assertion. It is true that the aspirations of the wealthier class there point to connection with aristocratic society in England, somewhat to the detriment of their interest in the community to which their social duty is primarily due. But between the English-speaking people in general on the north and those on the south of the line there is no difference whatever. The two populations are in a state of actual fusion, save in the political and fiscal line. There is, therefore, nothing in the way of British peculiarities of character for the existing system to guard. Nor is the political democracy of Canada any more than its social democracy distinguished by anything except constitutional forms from the democracy of the United States.

That England, not her own continent, is Canada's best market, seems the fixed belief of the Imperial Federationist. For five years before the McKinley tariff the exports of Canada to the United States were greater than her exports to England, although the goods paid duty on admission to the United States, while England admitted them free. The Tory and Protectionist Government of Canada finds it necessary to satisfy the people by keeping up a show of effort to obtain reciprocity with the United States. Mr. Parkin thinks that there cannot be profitable trade between Canada and the United States because the products of the two countries are the same. Does he think there is no variety of products between Louisiana and Labrador? Besides, even where the products are the same, their local distribution is often such as to give rise to trade. Striking instances of this may be found in his own pages. Let him ask the Canadian farmers whether they want the American market. Their leader the other day said that the recent reductions in the American tariff had done more for them than had ever been done by their own Government.

Mr. Parkin very candidly admits that the French Canadian question is the crux of politics in the Dominion. He may depend upon it that French Canada is now French, whatever may have been said in former days, when the French Canadians, or, at least, the priests who ruled them, were kept faithful to the British Crown by their antagonism, first to the Puritans of New England, and afterwards to the Republicans and Atheists of the French Revolution. The Tricolour, not the Union Jack, is the flag of the Province of Quebec. If, unhappily, there should ever be war between France and England, the heart of New France would be with the heart of Old France. The history of the Riel affair might have enlightened Mr. Parkin. This is said without disparagement of the French Canadians, who are a kindly and courteous race, and if they lack some British qualities have qualities of their own.

It was probably while Mr. Parkin's eulogy on the Pacific Railway as creating a new standard of the capacity of the country for giving satisfactory employment to British capital was in the press that the road passed its dividend and the stock tumbled from the nineties to the thirties. The road runs for two thousand miles through a country where its operation is expensive, and in which the white population probably does not exceed three hundred and fifty thousand. The road, though designated as national and imperial, must depend largely on its American connections, and its life, with all that hangs thereby, is in American hands. Meantime, it is killing the Grand Trunk, in which an enormous amount of British capital has been invested.

MODERN IRISH POETRY.

BY RICHARD GARNETT.

Mr. Yeats, in his preface to his *Book of Irish Verse, Selected from Modern Writers* (Methuen and Co.), remarks: "The seas of literature are full of the wrecks of Irish anthologies." We do not think that his craft has much to fear from a voyage where, unlike less ideal navigations, the worth of the cargo is the strength of the ship. For his freight is a valuable one, selected in general with excellent judgment. Some things, no doubt, surprise us. We are not disappointed at finding so little of Moore's sentiment, but what has become of Moore's satire? And we are fairly astounded at missing Wolfe's "Could I have thought thou wouldst have died," a poem more sweet and tender, we will venture to affirm, than any even in a collection where sweetness and tenderness are such dominant notes as in Mr. Yeats's. We also regret the absence of Francis Mahony's excellent and thoroughly Irish "Bells of Shandon." Though dissenting *toto calo* from Mr. Yeats's disparaging opinion of Parnell, we do not quarrel with his exclusion, inasmuch as there is not a single Irish trait in his poetry; and, by a parity of reasoning, the inclusion of a poetess so Yorkshire to the core as Emily Brontë merely because her father was an Irishman appears to us nothing short of preposterous. Mr. Yeats thinks he might otherwise have had to give up Thomas Davis, whose mother was a Welshwoman; but we can assure him that no one on this side of St. George's Channel has the slightest wish to deprive Ireland of a bard whose poetry was chiefly politics. After all, the most serious drawback to the collection as an anthology is the inevitable absence of Mr. Yeats himself, although our regret is mitigated by the reflection that his best work, his magical miniature dramas, could not have been made available for an anthology of lyrics.

Ireland, so illustrious for her warriors, her orators, and her scholars, has never produced a great or even, a very considerable poet. At the same time, the land and the people are steeped in an atmosphere of poetry even more recognisable in the picturesqueness of ordinary speech than in the literature of ballad and song. There is more real poetry in the incomparable popular romances translated by Mr. Joyce than in the compositions of the bards; and, putting aside some tiresome metrical narratives, these latter belong to the class of lyrical poetry, where the Celtic inspiration seems to exhaust itself. The Anglo-Irish poets, such as Sir Samuel Ferguson and Mr. Aubrey De Vere, who have endeavoured to transcend the region of song and ballad, have hitherto been Irish in little beside their themes. The solitary exception known to us is Mr. Yeats himself, whose dramas are even more Celtic than his songs. In lyric poetry, however, the antique national spirit has been well maintained, as a large portion of this collection testifies. No one has deserved better of literature in this respect than Mrs. Tynan Hinkson, who is far from being a great poetess, but who possesses a gift of reproducing the strange sweet Celtic music in another tongue that a great poetess might envy. "The Children of Lir" is her masterpiece, but all her poems in this volume evince her possession of this precious faculty, which is manifested with less intensity by the other lady contributors, Miss Kavanagh, Miss Gilbert, Mrs. and Miss Sigerson, and shared to the full by Mr. Douglas Hyde. Mr. Rolleston's "Spell Struck" and Mr. Lionel Johnson's "Celtic Speech" are beautiful poems; but if we had to point out the most characteristically Irish piece in the anthology it should be an old favourite, Banim's "Soggarth Aroon." The other older poets, Ferguson, De Vere, Allingham, have long ago taken honourable places in English literature, but the last-named is the only one of the three who has enriched it with any specifically Celtic element. Ferguson's "Welshmen of Trawley" is, indeed, Celtic enough in its portrayal of the barbarism of the period, but it is not poetry. "The Forging of the Anchor" would have done him far more justice; and George Darley should have been represented by his wonderful seventeenth century *pastiche*, "It is not beauty I demand," which deceived the editor of the "Golden Treasury." A group of mystical poets now arising claims a large share of Mr. Yeats's sympathies; and these pregnant lines by Mr. Charles Weekes certainly dispose us to see more of them—

Think, the ragged turf-boy urges
O'er the dusty road his asses;
Think, on sea-shore far the lonely
Heron wings along the sand;
Think, in woodland under oak-boughs
Now the streaming sunbeam passes;
And bethink thee thou art servant
To the same all-moving hand.

Dublin Verses by Members of Trinity College, edited by H. A. Hinkson (London: Elkin Mathews; Dublin: Hodges, Figgis, and Co.), is a very interesting and acceptable volume as proving how extensively a faculty for inditing graceful verse prevails among the alumni of this famous seat of learning. Graceful verse is the staple of the volume; a modest elevation which Professor Dowden, Professor Tyrrell, Dr. Todhunter, and Mr. Savage-Armstrong occasionally transcend; but the only two lyrics which can be regarded as achieving consummate excellence in their respective styles are two already universally known: Dr. Ingram's "Who fears to talk of Ninety-eight?" and Mr. A. P. Graves's "Father O'Flynn."

THE STORY OF URSULA.

BY ANNE THACKERAY RITCHIE.

The Story of Ursula. Three vols. By Mrs. Hugh Bell. (London: Messrs. Hutchinson.)—The story of Ursula turns upon the almost irresponsible action of a heroine who belongs rather to the Undine type than to that of the New Woman now so rampant among us. She is thus prettily introduced—

Ursula Vane was gathering flowers, doing it deftly and wisely too; not making them, as some people would have done, into an unseemly, irreverent bunch, with stalks and leaves sticking out at strange angles. No; the flowers Ursula was gathering in the rectory garden seemed, as she laid them tenderly in her hand, to group themselves at her bidding as though marshalled by one who understood their ways, each bud and blossom in its proper place.

At the same time, it must be confessed that the face of the gatherer did not wear the expression of one who

rapturously pursues her calling. She looked hot and tired, and somewhat cross.

As one reads on, one cannot but be struck by the literary grace of the narrative, and also by the agreeable accompaniment of incidental philosophies and criticisms which give life and reality to this somewhat visionary tale. The way in which certain facts are put adds a real value to opinions and dissertations which, it must be admitted, seem to belong rather to the province of a critic than to that of an improvisatrice telling a tale of sorrow and tragic woe. Yet with all its difficulties there is something natural and spontaneous about the story which evidently *told itself* to the writer, and this is also perhaps the reason of its want of reality.

People write (as, indeed, they read) for many reasons. Some want to test their theories by putting them into shape; some want to teach their fellow-creatures by parables; some want to turn the honest penny which rounds the corners of life; while others, again, only wish to furnish a bare world with the varieties of fancy and the woofs and rainbow hues of emotion and romance. Readers in the same way have also their own spectacles to read by, and search for quite different results as they turn the pages. Those who look for something more than diversion will find many things besides amusement in the novel before us. It gives us a charming *mise en scène* to begin with, and besides its pictures of still life, many happy examples of the common talk of educated men and women, conveying a real echo of the times. Take the following description of a *matinée à la Ibsen*. Who will not recognise the truth of this sketch?—

The play was the work of a young and inexperienced writer who, having familiarised himself with the masterpieces of modern European drama, endeavoured to gain the crown by reproducing a synopsis of their methods on the London stage; the result was certainly remarkable. Mr. French had apparently not sufficiently considered the views expressed by Armande in his "Femmes Savantes"—

Quand sur une personne on prétend se régler,
C'est par les beaux côtés qu'il lui faut ressembler;
Et ce n'est point du tout la prendre pour modèle,
Ma sœur, que de tousser et de cracher comme elle.

Vandeleur, however, remained loyal to his friend, in spite of the criticisms he heard flying round him after the first act was over.

One is struck by a certain incongruity between the natural grace and gaiety of the style and that painful episode which forms the crisis of Ursula's fate; but at the same time the whole situation is treated with so much good taste and reserve that, though one feels the history may not be exactly suited for schoolroom reading, few people who have once begun these volumes will be inclined to put them down before they have read to the very last chapter. We hope Mrs. Hugh Bell will give us another story before long.

A LITERARY LETTER.

Mr. Yorke Powell made a most pleasant impression by his first lecture as Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford. His recapitulation of the characteristics of his predecessors in the History Chair showed a breadth of view which none of those predecessors would have found possible. It was, however, not the least of Mr. Yorke Powell's privileges that, following such distinguished men as Mr. Freeman, Mr. Froude, and Dr. Stubbs, he should have enjoyed the luxury of discussing their varied ideals. His reference, also, to Mr. Samuel Rawson Gardiner was particularly happy.

Professor Freeman he described as "the master who gave to many of them their first lessons in the science to which he devoted his life, the politician whose talents were always at the service of those he believed to be oppressed, the friend whose loss those who loved him must long deplore"—a welcome estimate at a time when the publication of Freeman's biography, with a certain narrow but not unexpected estimate of Carlyle, leaves a bad taste in the mouth.

Mr. Edmund Gosse has been getting into trouble with the authors by charging some of them with "unbridled greed"—at least I, who was at the dinner of the Booksellers' Society, certainly understood him to use this phrase. But, after all, one must not take too literally words used in an impromptu speech immediately after dinner; and Mr. Gosse, who is one of the most tactful of men, was, we may be quite sure, very much surprised at the flutter which his words have excited. What, after all, he really meant was, perhaps, not so far from the mark, except that the "unbridled greed" more or less obtains with all of us who are in the swim of commercialism.

The time was when it was considered a point of etiquette among the publishing houses that they should never invite an author to change his publisher, unless that author made the first overture. Now all this is changed, and directly a writer attains some measure of fame, a dozen publishers are anxiously excited to secure the right of publishing his next book, and the amount of the royalty swells with each separate competitor until it often reaches a price at which the book can scarcely pay the publisher to produce it. Another grievance of the publisher as against the author is the system of paying a sum on account of royalties before those royalties have been earned. This sum also increases indefinitely until it has come to pass that the whole risk of producing many books is now borne by the publisher and none of it by the author, who, indeed, pockets a considerable sum in advance. Of course this state of things naturally suggests surprise that there is not a combination of publishers against the existing combination of authors.

Mr. Zangwill will be surprised to hear that he came very near to being anticipated in the title of his latest novel, "The Master," and by no less an author than Charlotte Brontë. The original manuscript of Miss Brontë's "Professor," a story which was not published until after her death, but which was written before "Jane Eyre," has just come into my possession. The most interesting feature about the titlepage is the fact that beneath the title, "The Professor," another title may be found, and, on holding it up to the light one discovers that Charlotte Brontë's first intention was to have called her story "The Master." C. K. S.



RESTORED FIGURE OF THE IGUANODON.—SKETCHED BY MISS ALICE B. WOODWARD.

The animal is shown in the attitude in which it usually walked. The fore limbs are much shorter than the hind limbs, which are very powerful, having three toes to each foot and the same number of joints as in a bird's foot. The ponderous tail no doubt gave support to the animal when in an erect position, and was also used in swimming.

A WONDERFUL BIRD-LIKE REPTILE.

From Dr. Henry Woodward, F.R.S., P.G.S., of the Natural History Museum, we have received the following interesting account of the Iguanodon—

There has just been set up in the British Museum (Natural History), Cromwell Road, a restoration of the

since been found at Maidstone in Kent, in the Weald of Sussex, and the Isle of Wight, but no complete skeleton was ever obtained, save in Belgium. A fancy restoration of the creature, as a quadruped, with four toes on each foot, was set up by Waterhouse Hawkins, and may still be seen in the grounds of the Crystal Palace. But its fossil footprints on the Hastings sandstone showed that it had only three toes to its foot, and that it must have walked on its hind legs, as it left only a single bipedal track behind. In 1878 no fewer than twenty-five skeletons of Iguanodons were discovered at Bernissart, Belgium, entombed in a natural crevasse, now entirely filled by deposits of later date, but which was an open valley of the Wealden period cut out of the carboniferous rocks that formed the old land surface, at that time clothed with a vegetation of cycads, of ferns, and *Equiseta*. Fresh-water tortoises and large fishes with enamelled scales inhabited the river, while crocodiles, lizards, and giant Iguanodons frequented its banks.

The Iguanodon was a vegetable-feeding animal, and its cheek-teeth, which exceed eighty in number, were well adapted for chewing the leaves and shoots of plants on which it fed. It had no front teeth, but a horny beak like that of a turtle. The fore limbs are shorter than the hind ones, the former being 6 ft. and the latter 9 ft. long. The hand had five digits with nails, and the thumb was armed with a conical sharp-pointed spur. The hands appear, from their shape, to have been but ill adapted for walking. The hind limbs were large and very powerful, and had three

toes on each foot, with the same number of joints as in a bird's foot—namely, three to the inner toe, four to the middle, and five to the outer toe. The bones of the pelvis also closely resemble those of wingless birds such as the emu and dinornis. The ponderous tail, as well as the back, was strengthened by numerous bony fibres, which no doubt gave support to the animal when in an erect position; it also assisted it greatly in swimming. The skeleton measures 15 ft. in height, and 30 ft. from the head to the tail; it is set up in the position in which it is considered

the animal usually walked. The Iguanodon is a good example of that singular class of extinct reptiles, the Dinosauria, from which it is believed that our modern birds were derived.

The British Museum of Natural History is indebted to M. Dupont, the Director of the Brussels Museum, for the opportunity of acquiring by exchange this very interesting reproduction; the originals are all preserved there, and have

been admirably described and figured by M. Dollo. The restoration and reconstruction were carried out by M. Depauw, another member of the staff of the Brussels Museum.

A determined effort is being made to promote tourist traffic in Ireland. The beauties of the land have only to be known in order to attract hosts of visitors, who at present seek recreation farther afield. A most influential meeting was recently held at Leinster House, Dublin, under the presidency of the Earl of Houghton, Lord Lieutenant of



HEAD OF IGUANODON, SHOWING CHEEK-TEETH ADAPTED FOR CHEWING SHOOTS AND LEAVES OF PLANTS; IT HAD NO FRONT TEETH.

Ireland. He said that there was no country in which the traveller was more sure of a warm welcome and a kindly word. Then the national conveyance was a vehicle which he (Lord Houghton) should say was surpassed by none as a means of taking long journeys without weariness. The Lord Mayor of Belfast, the Earl of Mayo, and Mr. T. W. Russell, M.P., all added their voices in praise of Irish scenery. It was determined to form an Irish Tourist Committee to carry out the intentions of the organisers of the meeting.

The Metzler Matinée at Princes' Hall on May 8 was a very agreeable variation to the usual miscellaneous concert. With the names of Miss Fanny Davies and Mr. Bispham on the programme one was assured of an artistic performance. The former played on a particularly fine Mason and Hamlin piano two pieces by Chopin, the third scherzo in C sharp minor receiving an exquisite rendering. Miss Davies joined Mr. Alfred Gibson in Schubert's "Rondo Brillante." Mr. Gibson also played the violin obligato to "Ave Maria," which Madame Sapio sang most effectively. This vocalist and Mr. Bispham gave the duet in the church scene from Gounod's "Faust," and the large audience rewarded their efforts with high appreciation. That favourite composition of Handel, popularly known as his "Largo," was well played by Mr. Alfred Gibson, Mr. H. M. Higgs at the organ, and Mr. G. T. Miles at the harp. Mr. Bispham's solo was "Ihr lichten Sternchen." Mr. J. M. Coward showed the extraordinary capabilities of a Mustel organ, and of his own power of improvisation.



THE IGUANODON.

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entire skeleton of one of the most remarkable of extinct giants that peopled the earth in the Wealden period, an epoch marked by relics of old-land-surfaces just preceding the age of the Chalk. It is seventy years ago since Dr. Mantell first discovered the remains of a huge reptile in the Hastings sandstone, which, from the resemblance in its teeth to a living vegetable-feeding lizard—the Iguana—he named Iguanodon. Numerous bones and many teeth have



SKELETON OF IGUANODON. WITH DR. WOODWARD.



THE IGUANODON SKELETON, THE ORIGINAL OF WHICH IS IN THE ROYAL MUSEUM AT BRUSSELS, MEASURING 15 FT. IN HEIGHT AND 30 FT. FROM HEAD TO TAIL.



THE SQUIRE.—BY EDGAR BUNDY.

From the Exhibition of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours.



THE CHITRAL EXPEDITION.—FROM A SKETCH BY MR. A. D. GREENHILL GARDYNE.

A party of about ten officers and as many men found the enemy one hundred yards from the point of the cliff, and had a sharp hand-to-hand struggle.

THE CHITRAL EXPEDITION.

Sketches by Lieutenant C. H. Elger, 1st Bedfordshire Regiment

Captain Allan Lang Peebles, of the Devonshire Regiment, who was killed in action with the Chitralis at the Panjkora, on April 15, belonged to a military family. At the time of his death he was only thirty-one years of age, and but recently married. His father, Colonel Peebles, of Haddo, Cheltenham, formerly commanded the old 11th,

now the Devonshire Regiment. Captain Peebles has two brothers in the Army, one of whom is a captain in the Lincolnshire, and the other a lieutenant in the Suffolk regiment. He was an officer of exceptional ability and rare promise. Young as he was, he had



Photo by Byrne and Co., Richmond.
THE LATE CAPTAIN PEEBLES,
Killed at Panjkora.

already acquired a distinguished professional reputation. He possessed a combination of talents, natural and acquired, such as are but rarely found in the same individual. His early death is a sad affliction to his aged father, his young wife, and other relatives. His many attractive qualities procured him a large number of friends, all of whom mourn his loss. He was a distinguished linguist and cultured writer, added to which he had acquired some reputation as an inventor. He suggested improvements in the Maxim gun, which were adopted, and for which he was rewarded.

We are able to give several interesting sketches by officers who were present at the storming of the Malakand Pass. These illustrations are bound to impress our readers more accurately than has been hitherto possible with the



CAPTAIN MACFARLANE (KING'S OWN BORDERERS) WOUNDED AT THE TAKING OF MALAKAND PASS,
ASSISTED TO THE DOOLIE BY MEN OF THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS.

short and sharp conflict which preceded victory. It would be unjust not to recognise the courage with which the Swats attempted to bar the British advance. Other illustrations show the fording of the Swat River, and the fierce onrush of the Swats upon a small company of British soldiers. Mr. Rudyard Kipling has in the brief history of the Chitral Expedition plenty of material for stirring

songs anent the events which have made us all proud of the Army; and his knowledge of India ought to inspire his muse. General Gatacre will shortly proceed to Chitral: he is detained until he receives his full supplies. Sir R. Low is on his way thither. Umra Khan has reached Cabul, and there is every sign of a settling down of the turbulent elements.



VIEW OF MALAKAND PASS AND THE ENEMY'S COUNTRY FROM THE FIELD HOSPITAL AT JALALA.

THE TRAGEDY OF FOTHERINGAY.

BY ANDREW LANG.

Mrs. Maxwell Scott's great ancestor refused to write a Life of Mary Stuart, because his judgment was opposed to his own and to the popular sentiment. In her attractive and melancholy book, "The Tragedy of Fotheringay" (A. and C. Black), Mrs. Maxwell Scott expresses no judgment at all. Was the Queen guilty with Bothwell, guilty of Darnley's murder, guilty of complicity in schemes for assassinating Elizabeth? We only know that Elizabeth herself was guilty of a plot to murder Mary, a plot in which Sir Angus Paulet and Sir Drew Drury declined to be concerned. They were neither so wicked nor so foolish, for Elizabeth would have betrayed her accomplices as soon as she had allured them into the crime. For my own part, as everyone must have his opinion, I think that Mary was guilty of Darnley's death, and knew the secrets of Babington's conspiracy. But Elizabeth was not a whit less ready to slay, and was far more ready to denounce her own instruments.

Between these royal ladies and cousins the account

done), remained a prisoner under the shadow of a verdict of "Not Proven." Many long years of suffering and of cruel indignities certainly gave her the right (which she asserted) of attempting to escape. Her efforts and the efforts, honourable or criminal, of her friends must have made Elizabeth's existence not much more enviable than her own. Thus, though Elizabeth won the rubber by actually decapitating her cousin, it is a comfort to reflect that she herself suffered much anxiety, much misery; that she lowered herself, probably in her own eyes (when her servants would not commit murder at her bidding); and, finally, that she died a death more awful than the splendid and regal death at Fotheringay.

Mary Stuart knew how to die, and it is with her end, not with her life, that Mrs. Maxwell Scott's book is concerned. Mary's so-called trial, the Queen herself said, reminded her of the courts held by Herod and Pilate—not, of course, as far as the victims were concerned, but in the noisy bullying lack of common justice. To myself, speaking somewhat vaguely from general impressions, and at a distance from books of authority, Mary Stuart seems to have been a criminal, a victim of passion, of circumstance,

was her opportunity; she took it, and died, in her opinion, as a martyr. Like Jeanne d'Arc, she was refused, even to the last, the consolations of her creed, which, grudgingly, and at the end, were granted to the Maid. Mary was bidden to put away her "trumperies" of belief and ritual. Like Montrose, like Sir Robert Spottiswoode after Philiphaugh, she was tormented to the end by the clamorous clergy of a faith which was not her own, especially by the Dean of Peterborough. During her latest night on earth, she asked to have the life read to her of a saint who had been a great sinner. She was neither of a creed nor of a temper to exaggerate peccadilloes, and in this request it may not be unjust or ungenerous to recognise a confession. A great sinner she probably had been—it is the least unlikely hypothesis in a wilderness of unverifiable evidence—but no saint could have died more bravely, as none, so far as her friends, servants, and dependents were concerned, had lived more loyally. Men and women who must have known, with absolute certainty, the truth about Darnley, were true to her to the end, and she was true to them, and mindful of their fortunes. In the presence of wrongs so unspeakable as hers, of temptations and circumstances so overwhelmingly powerful, it hardly seems that



THE CHITRAL RELIEF FORCE CROSSING THE SWAT RIVER.

Sketch by Lieutenant C. H. Elger, 1st Bedfordshire Regiment.

was, on the whole, fairly equal. Mary began the never-appeased quarrel by assuming the arms of England while she was Dauphiness of France, and by her proximity to the English succession, a crime unpardonable. Then she was beautiful, and beloved, and a mother: each of these gifts was a fresh injury to the "barren stock," Elizabeth. The English Queen, on the other side of the balance-sheet, fomented every rebellion against Mary, subsidised every rebel, thwarted every attempt at harmony between the two countries, and finally, by her troops and guns, reduced Mary's last strength, Edinburgh Castle. While no more an ardent Protestant than an enthusiastic Mormon, Elizabeth saw in Mary a danger to England, a rallying flag of the Catholic powers, and a peril to herself. By a treacherous breach of hospitality, Elizabeth converted Mary into a danger yet more menacing, for to deliver the Scottish Queen from prison was the natural aspiration of chivalry, as well as of Catholicism, and while Mary lived in an English castle, England could never be at peace, never united. Schemes for handing over Mary to the tender mercies of John Knox and Morton seemed feasible, but failed. The treachery would have been black, but less black than Elizabeth's plan of assassinating her rival, less black than the tragedy of Fotheringay. Her maiden majesty succeeded in destroying Mary's character by the grossly unfair proceedings at York and at Westminster. Mary, who never had a legal chance of exculpating herself (which, given the chance, she probably could not have

of education—but still a criminal. Jeanne d'Arc, on the other hand, was a saint, and, for a human being, stainless. But the parallel between the trials of two such different women is very close. Both, unaided by counsel, unaided by practice in law, unfriended, and alone, had to face a crowd of hostile lawyers, all crying out at once, illegally and disorderly. Neither was confronted by witnesses, each was oppressed, each was treated as the fair and honourable temper of English law would not treat the basest and most open murderer. The parallel has been drawn before, by the Capitaine Marin, and the parallel is very close and striking, as far as the proceedings in each case are concerned. Each woman had in argument and in common honesty the better of her judge, widely different as were the characters and circumstances of each. But in these days, and for long afterwards, one may say that every political trial was a mere preface to a murder. There was no escape for the accused, good or bad, guilty (as Mary probably was, but was not legally proved to be) or innocent, like the martyr of Rouen. The judges, as Mrs. Maxwell Scott quotes the advocates of Louis XVI., "were not judges, but accusers." Mary, of course, knew this clearly; but her alternative to pleading before an illegal court was the alternative of being assassinated unheard. The fate of Edward II., the fate of Richard II., was before her eyes, and the only thing she dreaded was secret assassination. A slip of her accusers, bringing in the question of religion,

we have a right to judge and condemn her, to treat her in the blustering temper of Charles Kingsley and of Mr. Froude. Their writings, as she said about the refusal to let her see her chaplain, may be called "cruel and unworthy of Englishmen." She and her successful and unhappy cousin and rival were mere persons in a drama where Destiny was the dramatist, so that, as we look back on their common tragedy, we are tempted even to doubt of the freedom of the will. The fatal stress of inevitable forces drove Mary and Elizabeth each into her own path of guilt and sorrow. At what moment could either, we vainly ask ourselves, have acted otherwise and acted more fortunately than she did? These ought not to be questions of obsolete party prejudice; we should not acquit or condemn either lady, but pity two women, neither of whom was destitute of heroism, for both of whom Fate was too powerful. Of course we must have our preferences, and the hypocritical cant of Elizabeth's men, their "*ja'tois* of Canaan," tells hardly against the Tudor.

Mrs. Maxwell Scott's book is illustrated with reproductions of the Scots College portrait of Mary (rescued from the French Revolution), of contemporary designs of Mary's execution, and of an excellent miniature in the possession of Lady Milford. The work is not controversial, even less is it rhetorical or impassioned; but tells plainly its tragic history from documents familiar or hitherto unpublished.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

It is an open secret that nowadays publishers are far from anxious to publish English translations of French novels. A proposal to that effect is invariably met with the same answer: "There are so many people at present who read French that it is not worth while to undertake an English version." Then there is a knowing smile, and if the publisher be in a communicative mood, he adds: "I know what you are going to say: those who have mastered French sufficiently to understand and enjoy a French novel in the original are few indeed, but their vanity will not allow them to admit their linguistic deficiencies, and they are the last to buy a translation, even if there be one."

Hence, we may take it that M. Alphonse Daudet's works are known only to a limited number of readers. More is the pity, for, in their way, they are more instructive than a hundred of the best books on French manners and customs. M. Alphonse Daudet's struggle for fame entailed fewer hardships than M. Zola's, but the author of "Fromont jeune et Risler aîné" had his privations also. They did not affect him in the way they did M. Zola. M. Daudet has not forgotten them, but he looks back upon them without bitterness. I am afraid that this is not quite the case with the celebrated author of "L'Assommoir," "Germinal," and "Le Œuvre," and the difference between the two men's faculty for remembering shows itself in their works.

I fully expected that M. Zola's visit to London of a few years ago would lead to a picture of the English capital, that his first visit would have been followed by a second and third in order that he might get a nearer view of things of which he could have only caught a glimpse, for M. Zola does not profess to read men and things at a glance. With regard to M. Daudet, I cherish no such expectations, although he claims to read more quickly than his eminent fellow-novelist. The hero of "Le Nabab" was a friend of M. Daudet's elder brother, Ernest; the younger only saw him once, "sufficiently long to pity and to portray him," said M. Daudet afterwards. Those who have read the book can only come to the conclusion that M. Daudet's boast was not an idle one. But I repeat I do not think that M. Daudet's stay among us will be fraught with what to us would be such pleasant results. I fancy M. Daudet came with the intention of enjoying himself, and I sincerely trust he will not be disappointed. He has a greater capacity for enjoyment than M. Zola. Unlike the latter, he is not constantly preoccupied with his work. "Celui-là," said the late Jules Vallès one day, more than thirty years ago; "celui-là fera son nom en jouant."

That was under the colonnade of the Odéon in the days when the students in the Quartier Latin did not wear high hats and frock-coats to attend lectures. M. Daudet, who had already then made a certain mark, was passing; I had never seen him before and I was struck with his appearance. At the same moment a priest who had been turning the leaves of the books on Madame Gaut's stall was hurrying off. "Who is that?" I asked, looking at Daudet, with his long hair streaming in the wind. And Vallès answered in the words just quoted, adding after a moment and nodding his head in the direction of the priest who was vanishing from sight: "Ca c'est le passé; ceci c'est l'avenir: le prêtre et le juif, le juif tuera le prêtre; tant mieux." M. Daudet, who belongs to the Jewish race, has not killed the priesthood; as far as I can judge he never had such an intention, but that was merely Vallès' pleasant way of putting things.

"His name," Vallès went on, "is Daudet, and he has been the secretary of Morny. But he had too much talent to remain in that shop long." And when Jules Vallès credited a new writer with talent, one could take the verdict for granted.

The result of M. Daudet's stay at the Presidency of the Chamber was "Le Nabab," in which, in spite of everything that has been said to the contrary, the Duc de Morny figured under the name of Mora, just as the result of M. Daudet's acquaintance with Gambetta was "Numa Roumestan." "Numa Roumestan," however, was written during a temporary estrangement with the great tribune, and when the reconciliation came, it was too late to recast the whole. M. Daudet tried, but he failed, albeit that this is the reason why Numa Roumestan is a Legitimist instead of a Republican, as he was originally intended to be.

For M. Daudet himself started life as a Legitimist, although he has been converted to Republicanism; in what manner I am unable to say. After his first volume of poems, M. Daudet had a letter of introduction to Morny. The President of the Chamber carefully read the letter, then asked what he could do for the young poet. The latter struck an attitude. "Before we go any further, Monsieur le Duc, I had better tell you that I am a Legitimist," he said. Morny, who, according to Metternich, was three-fourths of a Legitimist himself, looked at his visitor and thought the answer funny. "Never mind that," he said, "the Empress is a stronger Legitimist than you are." And there and then he appointed Daudet his secretary.

Legitimist though he was, M. Daudet wrote "Les Rois en Exil," which is not absolutely a hymn in praise of kings by right divine. Then the reconciliation with Gambetta followed—with Gambetta, whom he had lampooned in his "Lettres d'un Absent." The satire was in connection with Gambetta's departure from Paris in the famous balloon in company with Spuller. "I say, Gambetta," said Daudet at the dinner given to celebrate the reconciliation, "I have struck out of my book everything concerning yourself and the balloon." "You were wrong," replied Gambetta; "it was the only amusing part of your volume. After all, you are right, perhaps—for the sake of poor Spuller."

A MAGAZINE CAUSERIE.

The habitual reader of the reviews is entitled, I think, to offer a word of remonstrance to the editor of the *Contemporary*. There is an article this month on the "Debrutalisation of Man," written by a lady whose name is new to me. It is evident that she is a woman of excellent intentions, to whom "debrutalisation" is a vaguely momentous term, like Mesopotamia. There are several pages of eloquence about combating vice, protecting the "germ of virtue," and persuading the law courts to ally themselves with moral sense. But anything even remotely resembling a definite idea is not to be found. There is far too much of this kind of writing in the *Contemporary*. It is absolutely useless for the purpose either of thought or action, and simply offers a stimulus to that flabby graphomania which floods us with empty phrases. A controversy has been raging in the *North American Review* about "nagging women." It is a perfectly useless discussion, for the idea that women who "nag" will be any the better for reading articles on the subject is obviously chimerical. But I question whether the private "nagger" is as great a nuisance as the writers who try to "nag" the public, and especially the administrators of the law, with tiresome homilies in the manner of the *Contemporary*. So far from being "debrutalised," men, I fear, are disposed to treat these efforts towards their edification with callous indifference. The amiable ladies who apply a gift of unlimited fluency to the regeneration of mankind merely waste their time; and the too amiable editor who prints their effusions shows a lamentable disregard for the value of his space.

By far the most interesting article in the reviews is the story of Sophie Kovalevsky in the *Fortnightly*. Madame Kovalevsky was the daughter of a Russian general and the youngest of three sisters. As their father was something of a disciplinarian, they all yearned for emancipation, and the eldest had a brilliant idea. She proposed that they should call on a young professor, to whom they were quite unknown, and beg him to go through "a fictitious marriage" with one of them in order that they might have a pretext for leaving home to study in Germany and Switzerland. So they called on the professor and sat in a row on the sofa. When he heard their business he was extremely polite, took the request as a matter of course, but regretted that he could not meet their views. This was disappointing, but the eldest girl was not daunted. She tried another professor, and he said he would marry Sophie, the youngest, with much pleasure. The marriage was arranged with a little difficulty, and Vladimir Kovalevsky submitted to the vagaries of his wife and her sisters with amazing fortitude. Sophie was a woman of brilliant gifts, and took the highest academic honours in Paris, where her eldest sister had a love affair with a Communist. Then Madame Kovalevsky conceived a warm attachment for a professor who was not her husband, and spent most of her life in trying to reconcile this with the higher mathematics. If this story had been told in the form of a novel we should have heard that it was a gross caricature of the New Woman. In *Blackwood's*, Dr. Louis Robinson explains that the physiognomy of women is not affected like that of men by the "stimuli of emotions." It is man who is betrayed by his looks, and some day we shall all be able to tell his profession or occupation as well as his character simply by staring him out of countenance. Meanwhile Dr. Robinson makes the pleasing announcement that some unfortunate men, who are perfectly blameless, are made to look villains by an ironical derangement of their "machinery of nutrition." As Mr. Andrew Lang has pretty nearly exhausted the historical interest of Joan of Arc, the article of Miss Southwood Hill in the *Nineteenth Century* is quite superfluous. It is accompanied by a paper in which Mr. Lang discourses on the impostor who called herself the Maid after Joan's death, and deceived Charles VII. himself. Apparently, but for a sudden compunction of conscience, this enterprising lady might have taken in everybody to the end of the chapter.

The *New Review* continues to show an individuality rare among the monthly periodicals. Mr. W. S. Lilly has nothing new to say about the folly of allowing the democracy to manage its own affairs as it thinks fit, nor has he yet discovered how the great delusion of popular government is to be banished from these islands. Mr. Marriott Watson tells us another adventure of his highwayman, who meets a sprightly lady with her mouth full of "Lard" and "Gad" and "Sliddikins." Mr. G. W. Steevens has four little monologues, which he calls "Cameos," and which describe the feelings of Nero, Vespasian, Titus, and Caligula in the diction of Mr. Marriott Watson's highwayman, slightly dashed with the Cockney dialect. Mr. Vernon Blackburn kills and eats a poet or two; and Mr. George Street sups merrily off the grilled bones of a few dramatists and actors. I gather from this diversion that Mr. Street's favourite entertainment in the theatre is farce, and that for more serious matters he looks to books and laboratories. It is also illuminating to learn that he is offended by a display of egotism on the part of one of the characters in "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith." As I have already said, the *New Review* is rich in individuality.

There is a melancholy charm in Mr. James Payn's essay in *Cornhill* on "The Backwater of Life," which was evidently written in an invalid's chair, without querulous complaint, but with a pathos that must touch many readers who in hours of sickness have been cheered by this genial humorist. The *English Illustrated* has some excellent stories; and in the *Englishwoman*, a new candidate for public favour, there is a pleasant paper about Alphonse Daudet, by Miss Marie Belloc. Let it not be said that ladies who write novels, or jaunt in Norway, or ride in Iceland, have no eye to the prosaic needs of our country, for Mrs. Alec Tweedie, who has done all these things, lectures the British farmer in the *Fortnightly* on his incapacity to compete with the Danish butter-makers. A third of our imported butter comes from Denmark, where there is no agricultural depression. We drove the Danes out of this island, and yet we cannot resist this butter invasion by making our own in a scientific manner. Our sceptre is a mockery, and Britannia talks about ruling the waves when she cannot rule the churn.

L. F. AUSTIN.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

SECOND NOTICE.

To turn from Mr. Alma-Tadema's "Spring" to Professor Herkomer's "Town Council of Landsberg" (436), which occupies nearly one side of the room in which it has been placed, is like passing from a goldsmith's workshop to the Natural History Museum. The Bürgermeister and his secretary are at the end of the room, and on each side of it are six councillors seated. The effect produced when looking from the entrance across the Central Hall is that a fresh room has been thrown out of the building, through the window of which one catches the unaccustomed sight, in London, of clear sunlight on old-fashioned gabled houses. As a piece of scene-painting the effect is inimitable, and luminosity and atmosphere in the picture are rendered so masterfully that the figures seem detached and solid. Of Sir John Millais, in view of the great services rendered by him in times past, one must always speak with reverence and gratitude, and we are glad to learn that "St. Stephen" (18) has been purchased out of the Chantry fund. But in the ghost-scene, "Speak! Speak!" (251), one seeks in vain the key to the apparition who has inconsiderately left open the door and drawn aside the curtains of the bed in which a fully dressed man is reading old letters by the light of a very rude candlestick. The gulf that separates such a work as this from "The Eve of St. Agnes," which it must recall, is immeasurable.

It is rather in the direction of such works as Mr. H. La Thangue's "The Last Furrow" (98) and Mr. G. Clausen's "Harvest" (91) and "The Farmer's Boy" (121) that we must look for the true development of modern English art. These, at least, touch a key which remains mute in the presence of studies in archæology and classical myths and Venetian love tales, told in the brightest colours and with laborious attention to details. Mr. La Thangue's work has in it a touch of pathos, aroused as much by the dead figure of the old ploughman who had stuck to his work to the last furrow as by the mute sympathy of the horse, who looks almost enviously on his driver who has reached the end. Mr. Clausen, in depicting everyday incidents in the life of the English labourer, has in his hand a magic brush, and his eminently good work well justifies his recent election as an Associate; and Mr. Walter Langley's "Motherless" (798), a garret scene, fully sustains the prestige of his last year's work. Mr. T. Graham's "Béranger" (277), representing the old poet being read to in front of some Paris café, is another of the good incident-pictures of the year, with far more real claim to distinction than many more laborious works, of which Mr. Yeames' extraordinarily clever "Defendant and Counsel" (309) and Miss Flora Reid's "The Last Sacrament" (179) may be taken as the most satisfactory specimens, although the tones are too warm for the canals of Bruges or Ghent. We must also find place in our judgment for Mr. Matthew Hale's "Drums of the Fore and Aft" (846), suggested by Mr. Rudyard Kipling's tale; Mr. H. S. Tuke's "The Swimmers' Pool" (812), Mr. James Clark's "Parable of the Ten Virgins" (602), and, accepting the true spirit of "modernity," for Mr. Horace Van Ruit's "The Serpentine" (541), Mr. Sydney Hall's "Vivâ Voce in the old Schools" (363), and even Mr. George W. Joy's "Bayswater Bus" (524). For those who seek in more ideal subjects the best expression of contemporary art Mr. Waterhouse's "St. Cecilia" (97), with its brilliant colouring, is the best example. It follows—on a side path, however—the field once occupied by Rossetti, but is wanting in his oppressive sensuousness. Mr. Arthur Hacker's "Daphne" (303), Mr. W. B. Richmond's "Aphrodite" (569), Mrs. Henrietta Rae's "Apollo and Daphne" (621), and above all, for vigour and originality, Mr. Solomon J. Solomon's "Echo and Narcissus" (770), are all excellent specimens of the "still life" mythological work in which Sir E. Burne-Jones set the fashion.

Of those scenes in which motion and energy play an important part, there is the usual supply, the painters going chiefly to camps and battlefields for their subjects. Mr. Stanley Wood is almost as successful as on a former occasion in his "Halting the Battery" (107), but Lady Butler's "Dawn at Waterloo" (853) shows a great falling off from her previous achievements. Mr. R. Caton Woodville's "Charge of the Light Brigade" (869) is full of dash, and shows that the artist has studied Meissonier to good effect, and Mr. Ernest Croft's "Napoleon's Last Attack" (499) is as spirited as his work generally is. It is not altogether creditable to Mr. Gow's reputation that he should deposit as his diploma work "A Mountain Pass" (628), so little characteristic of the style in which he won his position. Such a picture as "On the Sands at Boulogne" (242), representing Napoleon and his staff, would have been a more distinctive offering, as well as more valuable.

Of the landscapes there is very little to be said, and judging by the many that remain, those rejected need scarcely be regretted. Mr. David Murray sends four, three of them full of air and rather chalky; but the fourth and smallest work, "The Angler" (590), is one of the best pictures of the year. Mr. Alfred East's "Autumn Haze" (516) comes in close competition; and his other work, "Midland Meadows" (575), is a fine effect of broad sunlight. Mr. Ridley Corbet's "Mountain Field and Flood" (563) is a poetical rendering of the Carrara mountains and the fields of the Arno valley; while Mr. Carlile Macartney touches "A Quiet Reach" (354) in our country with as much true sympathy with nature, although his brush is more diffident than Mr. Ridley Corbet's. Mr. J. C. Hook's "Finnan Haddie" (17) is far softer in touch and outline than his other two works in the large gallery, and Mr. Robert W. Allan's "Toilers of the Shore" (295) comes as an effective challenge to the veteran Academician's well-known style. Among the sea-pictures, Mr. Edwin Hayes' "Crossing the Bar" (303), Mr. Lindsay Macarthur's "Tide Rip" (587), and Mr. Thomas Somerscales' "After the Gale" (593), will force Mr. Henry Moore to look to his laurels if he wishes to hold his place as the painter of blue seas and skies. In the sculpture-room Mr. John M. Swan's silver statuette of "Orpheus" is the gem; and Mr. Onslow Ford, Mr. George Frampton, and Mr. Goscombe John creditably sustain the reputations they have steadily earned.

PICTURES FROM THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

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"AND WILL HE NOT COME AGAIN?"—E. J. GREGORY, A.R.A.



THE SACRIFICE OF IPHIGENIA.—REGINALD ARTHUR.



THE SMITHY.—STANHOPE A. FORBES, A.R.A.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

A friend of mine has been interesting himself of late days in the introduction into this country of a new beverage, in the shape of Maté, or Paraguay tea. I have been somewhat infected by the enthusiasm with which he views his enterprise, and there may be many among the readers of this page to whom the prospect of procuring a substitute for tea and coffee will possess at least the merit of novelty, if not of interest. I have tasted the Maté tea, and found it perfectly palatable and agreeable. Little known in this country, it is largely consumed in France, I am told; and in Brazil, especially, is a common and much appreciated beverage. Curious to see what science had to say about Maté tea, I have been diving into the literature of the subject. I find that it seems to be universally approved of as a refreshing and stimulating beverage, which is made or infused as is ordinary tea.

I observe that by certain authorities nutritious properties are claimed for Maté tea, in addition to its well-known stimulant qualities. Several writers speak of the sustaining powers of this tea, and adduce as an example of these powers the fact that in parts of South America Maté constitutes largely the sustenance of field labourers; while, as a further proof of its qualities, it is invariably stated that Maté, like coca, enables workers to continue their labours or travellers to pursue their journeys for long periods without food. I presume it acts in this way because of its power of checking or slowing down the waste processes of the frame. Whatever be the future of Maté tea in this country, and whether or not the British public—notoriously conservative in the matter of foods and drinks—will take to the new beverage, it is at least scientifically interesting to know that, if tea and coffee should ever fail us, we need not despair of finding a substitute for them.

Incited, no doubt, by my recent remarks in this column on the subject of science-teaching in schools, Mr. W. Gee forwards to me his recently published work, entitled "Short Studies in Nature-Knowledge" (Macmillan). This book is just the work I should place in the hands of boys and girls old enough to begin science-studies. It is beautifully illustrated (many of the illustrations being photographs of scenery) and is in every way fitted to introduce the youth easily and pleasantly to a knowledge of the world he (or she) lives in. The study of the world itself, and of man's relations to it, is the beginning of all scientific knowledge, and Mr. Gee has very admirably, I think, performed a by no means easy task, in telling in an interesting manner the story of the earth. Such a book as this should be used in every school, and home-lessons will be made all the more interesting through its service, because the learner will be taught to see for himself the verification of its teachings in every running brook, in every shower of rain that falls, in every frost-decorated pane, and in every wave that ripples inwards on the shore.

Some interesting notes on the vitality of seeds have recently been contributed by Mr. W. Botting Hemsley, F.R.S. This topic, it will be remembered, was discussed in this column in connection with the views of Dr. Carruthers on the vitality of mummy wheat and peas. Dr. Carruthers concluded that the statements regarding the prolonged vitality of these seeds were founded on misconceptions or on actual misinterpretations of the facts. Mr. Hemsley tells us that, for one thing, prolongation of vitality in seeds largely depends upon the nature of their protective covering or envelope. Thus, speaking of the haws of the hawthorn, he remarks that each haw contains from three to five seeds and is encased in a hard stony envelope in addition to its own proper and special covering. Planted in the ground and under conditions favourable to their germination, such seeds do not sprout until the second year, and often, as Mr. Hemsley remarks, "not so soon." Here there is prolonged vitality, no doubt due to the thickness of the seed's envelope.

It is also remarked that many seeds are not impaired by long voyaging in sea-water. Darwin's "Origin of Species" contains many suggestive illustrations of this fact. Certain kinds of bean and convolvulus have had their seeds floating for a year, after being kept dry for two or three years, and have sprouted naturally. Plants, Mr. Hemsley tells us, are growing at Kew to-day raised from such seeds. A dry temperature does not affect seeds injuriously nearly so much or so directly as does moist soaking of the same degree; and dry grain is said to be very impervious to cold. Referring to the mummy seed question, Mr. Hemsley agrees that carefully conducted experiments do not support the usual ideas entertained regarding the prolonged vitality of Egyptian wheat and peas. Contrariwise, he admits that some seeds do retain their vitality for very lengthened periods, not comparable, however, to the legendary extent of life of the mummy wheat. He mentions seeds of the sensitive plant, which germinated after being kept in a bag for sixty years at the Jardin des Plantes. From twenty to twenty-five years is a common enough period during which seed-vitality may remain unimpaired. One case is quoted from Tournefort, from whose herbarium, it is said, kidney beans were taken, with the result that, after one hundred years' still life, they germinated. Lindley states (Mr. Hemsley admits "without qualification") that raspberry plants were raised from seed which had been taken from the stomach of a man whose skeleton was found buried thirty feet deep. Coins were found at the same place from 1600 to 1700 years old. Also, some twenty years ago, when the "slack" of ancient Greek silver mines was cleared away, some plants previously unknown in the locality sprang up. Here the suggestion is that the seeds had remained dormant since the classic ages, and sprang into vigour when the covering soil was removed. But at the very least, we may conclude that possibilities of errors of observation are included in such instances, and that it is perhaps safer to assume that questions of plant-vitality may be bounded by limits of much more modest dimensions than a score of centuries.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

N PEDDEN (Bristol).—Many thanks, and very acceptable.

SRINIVASA AJAYANGAR (Mysore).—We are very pleased to receive your solutions and to examine your problems. The one submitted shows some skill, but it is too commonplace for our use. Further contributions shall have our best attention.

CHEVALIER DESANGES.—Correction to hand, for which we are much obliged.

J PAIGE.—Please submit problems upon diagrams.

Dr F St (Camberwell).—Pleased to hear from you again, and regret cause of silence. New problem shall have our careful attention.

F H BENNETT (Matlock).—Your letter explains the mystery. We hope to find everything now right.

C F Wood (Hayes).—The solution is then obvious. If Black play 1. P to Q 3rd, 2. Q to Kt 7th (ch), and P mates. If he play 1. P to B 5th, then 2. Q to Kt 5th (ch), etc.

Mrs W J BAIRD (Brighton).—We sincerely regret the oversight, but it was reliance on your unfailing accuracy that betrayed us; and, so far as you are concerned, we fear we shall not profit by experience.

JOSE PALUZIE (Barcelona).—Thanks for your letter and problem. The latter shall be examined without delay.

R. KELLY (of Kelly).—Received with thanks.

F O'DONOGHUE.—We have complied with your request.

O H LARONE.—If Black play 1. K to B 4th, White can continue 2. K takes P, and 3. Q or P mates. Again, if 1. P to Q 5th, 2. Kt to B 6th, and 3. Q mates.

P H WILLIAMS.—Quite sound, and marked for insertion.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2659 received from Dr A R V Sastry (Mysore); of No. 2660 from M V Srinivasa Aiyangar (Mysore), Dr A R V Sastry and Richard Miller (Nanaimo, B C); of No. 2661 from Dr A R V Sastry, M V Srinivasa Aiyangar, and Upendranath Maitra (Chinsurah); of No. 2662 from Fred C Vurtele (Toronto); of No. 2663 from E J Horwood (Tunbridge Wells), and the Rev C H Sowell (St Austell); of No. 2664 from Castle Lee, W E S Debenham, Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), Professor Charles Wagner (Vienna), T G (Ware), J Bailey (Newark), T Roberts, R Worters (Canterbury), and F Leete (Sudbury).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2666 received from C E Perugini, H S Brandreth, E Loudon, F B Tew, W David (Cardiff), Dr F St, Professor Charles Wagner (Vienna), J S Wesley (Exeter), R H Brooks, W E S Debenham, Meursius (Brussels), R Worters (Canterbury), W D Mead (Hoylake), F Waller (Luton), C B Penny (Tonbridge), Hereward, W R B (Clifton), M A Pyre (Folkestone), W R Raillem, W P Hind, J D Tucker (Leeds), Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), Shadforth, Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), I Desanges (Bournemouth), Alpha, M Burke, F A Carter (Maldon), Hermit, F Leete (Sudbury), Dr Waltz (Heidelberg), Walter Lewis (Swansea), T G (Ware), J Hall, W Wright, W H S (Peterborough), G Douglas Angus, T Roberts, Sorrento, Miss Marie S Priestley (Saintfield, Co. Down), Mr and Mrs H B Byrnes (Torquay), E E H, Oliver Icingla, Fr Fernando (Glasgow), and Norman Alliston (Brütel).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2665.—W. S. FENOLLOSA.

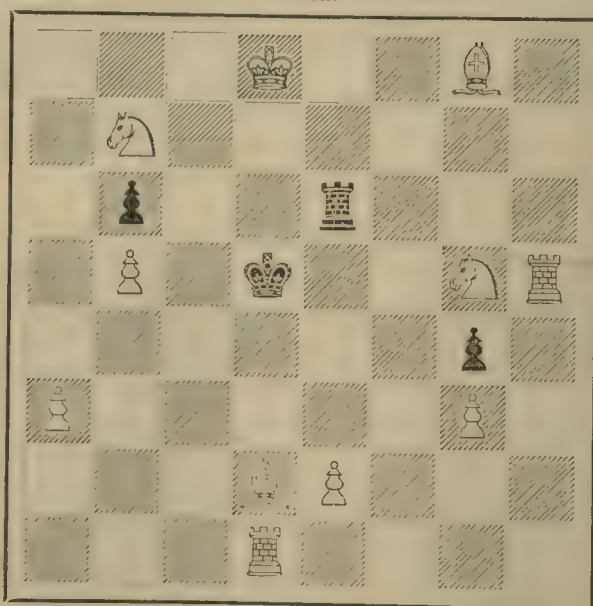
WHITE.	BLACK.
1. R to Kt 3rd	K takes R
2. B takes P (ch)	K takes B, or K to B 5th
3. Q or R mates	

If Black play 1. K takes R (at Kt 3rd), 2. R to Kt 5th (ch); if 1. B takes P, 2. R (Kt 5th) to K 3rd; if 1. B to K 5th or B to B 6th, 2. R takes B (ch); if 1. B or P takes R, 2. R to Kt 4th (ch); and if 1. Any other, then 2. R to Kt 4th (ch), K takes R; 3. B takes P. Mate.

PROBLEM No. 2668.

By W. FINLAYSON.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN DUBLIN.

Game played between Messrs. A. L. JOYNT and T. M. KENNEY.

(Greco Counter Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. J.)	BLACK (Mr. K.)	WHITE (Mr. J.)	BLACK (Mr. K.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	13. Q to Q 3rd	Q to Q 3rd
2. Kt to K B 3rd	P to K B 4th	14. P to Q 3rd	R to K 3rd
3. B to B 4th		15. Q to B 4th	
A weak continuation. He might have played P takes P, or, better still, K takes P, when the game proceeds, Q to B 3rd; P to Q 4th, P to Q 3rd; Kt to B 4th, P takes P; Kt to B 3rd, etc., with a good position.			
4. Kt takes P	P takes P	16. Q to Kt 3rd	Q to Q sq
5. Q to R 5th (ch)	P to Q 4th	17. B to K B 4th	B to K 3rd
6. Kt takes P	P takes Kt	18. Q takes B	B takes B
7. Q takes R	K to B 2nd	19. Q to B 3rd	Kt to K 4th
8. Q to Q 4th		20. Kt to B 3rd	R to K 4th
This is somewhat hazardous, and leaves White with undeveloped force, though it certainly makes a lively game.			
9. B to Kt 3rd	P to Kt 3rd	21. Q to Q sq	Kt to Q 5th
10. Q to K 3rd	P takes Kt	22. Kt to K 4th	Kt to B 5th
11. Q takes K P	Kt to B 3rd	23. P takes B	B takes Kt
12. Castles.	B to K B 4th	24. Q to Q 2nd	R takes P
The Queen is in danger of being shut out of play by R to K 2nd, so this seems to be his best move.			
13. Castles.		25. B takes P (ch)	Q takes B
Black pursues the attack with considerable spirit: by this sacrifice of the Pawn he presently obtains the important open file for his Rook.			
14. Q takes K P	Kt to B 3rd	26. K to R sq	Q to Kt 4th
15. Q to K 3rd	B to K B 4th	27. P to Kt 3rd	Kt to B 6th
16. Castles.		28. Q to B 3rd	Q to K 4th
Threatening mate or to win the Q by Kt to R 6th (ch), etc.			
17. Q to B 3rd		29. Q takes P (ch)	K to Kt sq
18. Q to K 3rd	K to R 2nd	30. Q to K 5th (ch)	K to R 2nd
19. P to K 3rd	K to Kt 5th	31. P to K 4th	Q to Kt 5th
20. Q to B 3rd	K to R 3rd	32. Q to B 7th (ch)	K to R 3rd
Black wins.			

The fourth Amateur Chess Tournament will be held at Craigside Hydro, Llandudno, commencing on June 6. An open competition, a handicap, and a ladies' handicap constitute the programme, for all of which an attractive prize list is announced. The committee is a very good one, and the honorary secretary is Mr. A. Firth, Bryn-y-bia, Llandudno, to whom application for further particulars may be made.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

Her Majesty's Drawing-Room was extremely brilliant. It was long since there had been so many royal ladies present on such an occasion. There were no fewer than nine Princesses, and they made so long a line beyond the Queen that the Princes were all gathered together in a group in the corner. As the debutante is carefully instructed, it is needful to give a distinct bow to each Princess in the line, but the Princes have only one comprehensive obeisance. When there are even four or five Princesses it is not an easy task to the novice, burdened with a tremendous train, a huge bouquet, and puffs of tulle and lace and passementerie trimmings in every direction, to accomplish a succession of deep reverences, walking like a crab, sideways, between the one and the other. But nine was too trying! "Must I make nine curtsies?" an alarmed young lady was heard to inquire of one of the gentlemen-in-waiting in that room next to the throne-room from which the royal presence is distantly visible. "Oh, no," said he drily; "we can't give you so much time." Many of the young ladies who were presented were able to kiss the hand of the Queen in person, and her usual kind and encouraging smile was not wanting—that singularly sweet, loving, and heartsome smile that suddenly lights up her face for the instant, and makes those who receive it her personally devoted servants thenceforward.

A royal carriage, with all its panoply of coachman with curled bobwig, hammercloth decorated with the large royal arms in gilt, tiny crowns stuck all over the top, and footmen standing behind in red liveries with red cocked-hats ending in fringed tassels of gold, was heading the line in the Park, and it aroused much surprise that anybody should have the royal equipage without the right of the entrée by the separate door that is permitted to ambassadors, high Court officials, and other privileged guests. It appears that the royal carriage was lent to the daughters of the Indian Prince Dhuleep Singh. The Duchess of Devonshire's state carriage was the next most gorgeous equipage. Her Grace is in mourning for her granddaughter, and therefore wore a dress of black satin, and train of black velvet, the bodice draped with black tulle, trimmed elaborately with jet, of which embroidered bands ran down the petticoat to end under a ruche of tulle. Her tall coronet and other magnificent diamonds prevented any dullness in the *tout ensemble*. The Marchioness of Breadalbane, in mourning for her mother, the late Caroline, Duchess of Montrose, wore black brocade, the design of iris blossoms and leaves, trimmed with jet and feathers. The daughter-in-law of the same lady, the present Duchess, was also in mourning, in black satin and embroidered tulle; indeed, there was an unusual quantity of the sable hue, showing how many great families have lost members, although the Chancellor of the Exchequer does say that he has been disappointed in the death duties. The Countess of Drogheda was in a train of heliotrope satin lined with pale blue, the bodice and petticoat draped with net embroidered in silver sequins and further trimmed with palest pink blush-roses. Lady Blytheswood had an uncommon and beautiful Court train of chené grenadine over pale mauve satin, and a petticoat and bodice of grey satin, with a quantity of old lace, and diamond buttons down each side of the berthe. Lady Lurgan's dress suited her fair beauty to perfection; it was of a rich yet pale shade of blue satin, with a train of a somewhat darker blue velvet, large clusters of orchids trimming both, together with some beautiful lace. Mrs. Robert Edis had a carriage full of beauty in her three handsome daughters, Miss Edis attending in white satin, and Miss Edith and Miss Chrissie being presented in dresses of white silk, trimmed with tulle, and trains of white watered bengaline, an uncommon and effective material, while Mrs. Edis wore a bodice and train of rich violet velvet lined with pale heliotrope, over a white satin dress with epaulettes of duchesse point. Mrs. Winans had a white satin gown with train of white brocade lined with pink and trimmed with ostrich-plumes. The palm for inelegance might have been awarded to a train of bright grass-green brocade, lined with an obtrusive sky-blue, and trimmed with big clusters of peonies shaded from magenta to pale pink. Another gown more various than artistic was bodice and petticoat of pale heliotrope glacé, partly veiled with white gauze painted with large pink roses, and finishing on the skirt under a ruche of grey tulle; train of pink velvet, lined with grey satin and trimmed with grey tulle caught on with big bunches of pink roses and heliotrope feathers.

Messrs. Walpole Brothers, the well-known Belfast manufacturers of fine linen, whose London headquarters are at 89, New Bond Street, gave a tea-party lately to inaugurate the opening of their new business premises, at 102, High Street, Kensington—the centre of the fashionable "village" where their presence is sure to be acceptable. A goodly muster of their regular patronesses attended, and looked with interest at the charming new designs, and the dainty and delicate texture of the weavings, and at the snowy whiteness that, all put together, make one understand how "fine linen" came to be regarded as the fabric most suitable for use in the service of the Temple. A feature of the newest fashion in cloths was largely on show at Messrs. Walpole's—namely, coloured bordered cloths for luncheon and afternoon tea; on the walls are hung samples of the marvellously beautiful tablecloths and serviettes that this firm had the honour of making for the Duke and Duchess of York's wedding present from the ladies of Ireland; and also specimens of embroidered monograms, hem-stitching, and other handiwork of the Irishwoman, so exquisitely done and yet so cheap as to cause amazement that such skill should be had for so little.

An indispensable adjunct to the toilet arsenal of beauty is Scrubb's Household Ammonia. It is an invaluable softener of "hard" water; a half-teaspoonful in the wash-hand-basin or two tablespoonfuls in the bath gives the water a feeling of softness and a capacity for removing dust and perspiration from the skin that are at once refreshing and important. Hard water is ruinous to the complexion, for with such even the best soap forms a curd, that gets into the skin and makes it coarse and muddy instead of removing all obstruction from the pores as softened water does. The same makers supply a good "antiseptic" toilet soap to use with the ammonia, or as a solid substitute.

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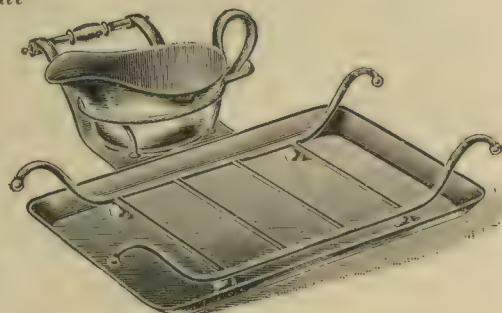
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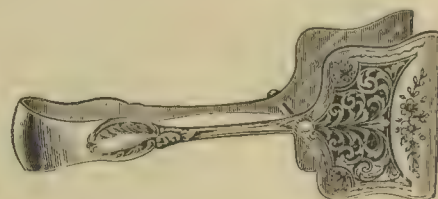
Sterling Silver Sweetmeat-Basket, £3 10s.



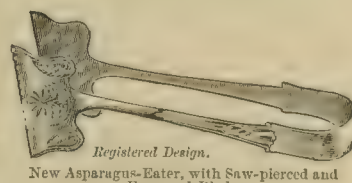
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FROM THE LATE REV. J. W. NEIL,
Holy Trinity Church, North Shields.



"Dear Sir,—As an illustration of the beneficial effects of your 'FRUIT SALT,' I can have no hesitation in giving you particulars of the case of one of my friends. His whole life was clouded by the want of vigorous health, and to such an extent did the sluggish action of the liver and its concomitant bilious headache affect him that he was obliged to live upon only a few articles of diet, and to be most sparing in their use. This uncomfortable and involuntary asceticism, while it probably alleviated his sufferings, did nothing in effecting a cure, although persevered in for some twenty-five years, and also, to my knowledge, consulting very eminent members of the faculty, frequently even going to town for that purpose. By the use of your simple 'FRUIT SALT,' however, he now enjoys the vigorous health he so long coveted; he has never had a headache or constipation since he commenced to use it about six months ago, and can partake of his food in such a hearty manner as to afford, as you may imagine, great satisfaction to himself and friends. There are others known to me to whom your remedy has been so beneficial in various kinds of complaints that I think you may well extend its use, both for your own interest and *pro bono publico*. I find myself that it makes a very refreshing and exhilarating drink.—I remain, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

"To J. C. ENO, Esq.

"J. W. NEIL."

INFLUENZA, FEVERISH COLDS, SCARLET FEVER, PYÆMIA, ERYSIPELAS, MEASLES, GANGRENE, and almost every mentionable Disease. "I have been a nurse for upwards of ten years, and in that time have nursed cases of scarlet fever, pyæmia, erysipelas, measles, gangrene, cancer, and almost every mentionable Disease. During the whole time I have not been ill myself for a single day, and this I attribute in a great measure to the use of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' which has kept my blood in a pure state. I recommend it to all my patients during convalescence. Its value as a means of health cannot be over-estimated."

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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The late Dr. Heurtley, of Oxford, was one of the very few surviving schoolfellows of the Tennysons at Louth. It is strange to read that he was Bampton Lecturer in 1845, the year of Newman's secession. Although an Evangelical, he was in later years especially broad-minded, and he had a true affection and admiration for Bishop King, who was for twelve years his colleague in the Chapter.

For the professorship at Oxford left vacant by the death of Dr. Heurtley, the names of Principal Wace and Dr. Sanday are mentioned. Dr. Wace is an experienced journalist, having for long been a leader-writer in the *Times*. He has also contributed largely to the *Quarterly Review* and other periodicals. He is a good all-round theologian, and one of his books, that on Christianity and Morality, is of real importance. Dr. Sanday is perhaps the most eminent New Testament scholar in this country, with the exception of Bishop Westcott. His present chair is very insufficiently endowed.

Bishop Wordsworth, who has returned from his visit to the Colonies, says that while disestablished churches can live and thrive, our own Establishment gives Christianity in this country a power which it apparently does not possess elsewhere. He uses the word Christianity as including the whole power of religious life outside the Church of England. He thinks that in the Colonies religious people hardly attempt to do the work which we are accustomed to see done, and that they have not so much influence on public opinion and legislation as could be desired. In the Colonies it is obviously difficult for the parishes to rise above their anxiety as to providing an income for their pastors, and for the clergy to get rid of the haunting uncertainty whether they can calculate upon anything like a settled income for the next year. The Bishop, however, said that disestablished churches lived and thrived in the Colonies, and it would be useless to agitate for a change.

Father Black sends to the *Church Times* a fierce letter on Dr. Tristram, and says that among other things "such rooks' nests as this Court of Dr. Tristram" should "be cut down and burned." Mr. Brinckman, the uncle of the gentleman whose marriage has led to this controversy, writes that "these so-called marriages are defiance of the law of God anywhere, and so to be held in abhorrence by all loyal Churchmen."

Canon Eyton writes that he has never said one word against the principle of endowments. As a matter of fact, the policy he favours is that of concurrent endowment; also he has declined from the first to be a member of the Liberal Churchmen's Union.

Lord Wolmer's retirement from Parliament is very much regretted by the Church party, his zeal and ability having made him one of the most formidable opponents of Disestablishment.

The Canadian correspondent of a Church paper says that the Rev. E. J. Peck, of the diocese of Moosonee, has erected a church out of the rib-bones of a whale, and

covered it with skins. The church, which is situated near the borders of the Arctic circle, was opened last October. Mr. Peck refers to it in his letters as the tabernacle in the wilderness.

Dean Payne Smith is to be commemorated by some permanent memorial at Canterbury. Nonconformists as well as Churchmen are heartily taking part in the movement.

The English Presbyterians have resolved, by a comparatively small majority, to transfer their college to Cambridge; but the resolution cannot take effect much sooner than the end of the century.

The United Presbyterian Church has been holding its annual synod at Edinburgh. An unusually large increase of communicants is reported. So far, the May meetings have not been remarkable for striking speeches; in fact, the level of interest is perhaps lower than it has been for some time. But the audiences have been, if anything, greater than ever, and this is true both of the Church of England and Nonconformity. There have been especially crowded congregations at the sermons preached on behalf of the various societies.

One of the recognised features of correspondence nowadays is the typewriter. From the time of its invention, now some twenty years since, it has been a constant source of surprise. It has again and again baffled expectations. At the outset it was prophesied that there would be no considerable demand for such a machine. Then, when a considerable demand had arisen, those who had been bold enough to invest their capital in the original Remington enterprise were warned that the demand would always be supplied. Then, when it became obvious that not even the fringe of the demand had been touched, and that the machine had a strong claim, not only upon the literary and professional, but upon the mercantile classes, it was urged that its use would cheapen clerical labour and beggar the clerk. That this prophecy has not been fulfilled is obvious from the fact that the standard of wages for clerical work has been raised since the introduction of the typewriter. It has been of direct assistance to those who do such work. In one other respect have prophecies in regard to the typewriter failed of fulfilment. It was at one time urged, and the statement is even now sometimes heard, that the use of the typewriter would render writing merely mechanical work, and the operator a mere drudge. This is very far from being the case. The typewriter has a distinct educational value. There is no better method of learning the rudiments of education—grammar, spelling, punctuation, composition—than the regular and systematic use of a Remington typewriter. With the machine before them, the young learn to imitate the accuracy of the printed character, and the very clearness of their work reveals at once any shortcoming, and thus trains them to the avoidance of errors. It is probable that before many years we shall see the typewriter used in schools for educational purposes, and that it will be found to be worth more than any copy-book or treatise on grammar yet compiled.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated April 11, 1893) of Mr. John Creemer Clarke, J.P., M.P., for Abingdon, 1874-85, of Waste Court, Abingdon, Berks, who died on Feb. 11, was proved at the Oxford District Registry on April 25 by Bennett Michell Clarke, and Thomas Joyce, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £85,661. The testator bequeaths £1000 and his portrait by Symonds to his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Clarke; £5000 to his son Cecil; £10,000 each upon trust for his two unmarried daughters; £5000 each upon the trusts of the settlements of his four married daughters in addition to what is settled thereby; and legacies to executors, daughters-in-law, sons-in-law, and grandchildren. Waste Court, with the furniture, plate, movable effects, horses and carriages, and some other property, he gives to his wife for life; and he also gives her £900 per annum for life, charged upon various properties, and which, subject thereto, are specifically devised to his sons. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves upon trust for his wife for life; then there are further legacies amounting together to £6000 each to or upon trust for his six daughters. The ultimate residue is to be equally divided between all his children.

The will (dated Dec. 3, 1892) of Mr. Charles Atkinson, of Swanton Novers, Norfolk, who died on March 14, was proved at the Norwich District Registry on April 27 by William Forster, Steed Girdlestone Archbould, and Arthur Richard Rackham, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £78,971. The testator leaves all his real estate at Knapton, Norfolk, to his four nieces, Anne Priest, Mary Turner, Rachel Atkinson, and Gertrude Saxby, as tenants in common; £35,000 railway debenture stocks upon trust to pay an annuity of £200 to his sister, Mary Taylor, and another annuity of £40, and subject thereto for his said four nieces and their children; £100 to be distributed by his executors among the poor of Swanton Novers in blankets, bedding, and coals; his plate, furniture, and effects not specifically bequeathed, to his said sister; and many legacies of considerable amount and specific devises and bequests to cousins, godchildren, executors, and others. The residue of his property he gives to Charles Stephen Abbott Atkinson.

The will (dated April 16, 1891) of Mr. Richard Leacroft Freer, J.P., of Wychbury, in the parish of Pedmore, Worcestershire, who died on March 6, was proved on April 30 by Gainsborough Harward and Henry Hammond Smith, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £65,384. The testator bequeaths his plate and pictures (with one or two exceptions) to his daughter Edith Ellen Freer, for life, and then to his daughter Ethel Maria Smith; his household furniture and effects, horses and carriages, to his daughter Edith Helen; £3000 Two-and-Three-Quarter per Cent. Consols, upon trust, for his son Arthur Henry, for life; and a few other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, as to one moiety for his daughter Edith Ellen, for life, and then for his daughter Ethel Maria, her husband, and children; and as to the other moiety for his daughter Ethel Maria, her husband, and



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children. The testator declares that the provision made for his children and issue is in addition to that made for them by his marriage settlement (which he confirms) and the appointment thereunder.

The will (dated Aug. 5, 1888) of Mr. William Earle Biscoe, D.L., J.P., of Holton Park, Oxfordshire, who died on Jan. 18, has been proved at the Oxford District Registry by Henry Stafford Tyndale Biscoe, the son, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £64,748. The testator devises all his freehold houses, land, cottages, and hereditaments in the parish of Forest Hill, Oxfordshire, to go with the Holton Park and mansion settled estate; and there are some pecuniary and specific bequests to his wife and children. Three freehold houses at Wokingham and the residue of his personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for all his children except his eldest son, in equal shares.

The will (dated Aug. 13, 1894) of the Rev. George Heathcote, honorary Canon of Ely, for fifty years Rector of Conington, Hunts, of 5, Arlington Street, Piccadilly, who died on March 9, was proved on May 3 by John Moyer Heathcote and Charles Gilbert Heathcote, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £58,672. There are numerous gifts to nephews, nieces, brother-in-law, servants, and others; and the residue of his estate, property, and effects the testator gives to his said nephew Charles Gilbert Heathcote.

The will (dated Jan. 5, 1895) of Captain William Hunter Baillie, formerly of the 8th Foot, J.P., of 43, Norfolk Square, Hyde Park, Duntresborne House, Cirencester, and

Long Calderwood, Lanarkshire, who died on March 17, was proved on May 3 by Miss Helen Mary-Henrietta Baillie, the sister and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £56,719. The testator gives, devises, and bequeaths all his estate and property, both real and personal, to his said sister, subject to her paying out of the annual income an annuity of £100 to his faithful friend and nurse, Eliza Knight.

The will (dated Feb. 24, 1880), with two codicils (dated July 16, 1883, and July 10, 1889), of Lieutenant-General Henry Philip Goodenough, of 50, Eaton Square, who died on Feb. 25 at Hyères, was proved on May 3 by the Rev. Frederic Evelyn Gardiner and Lewis Amherst Selby Bigge, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £19,473. The testator leaves £5000 upon trust for his wife, Mrs. Mary Goodenough, for life, and then to his nephew, Osborn Hall Goodenough, and the residue of his property to his wife.

The will and codicil of the Rev. Charles Whateley, of Berkeley House, Reading, formerly Rector of Taplow, Bucks, who died on March 5, were proved on April 22 by the Rev. William Joseph Whateley and Arthur Pepys Whateley, the brothers, and Henry Arthur Whateley and George Levinge Whateley, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £14,628.

The will of Mr. Henry Marshall, J.P., of The Poplars, Northampton, who died on March 2, was proved on April 27 by Frederic Marshall, Q.C., the brother, and Frederic Marshall the younger, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £6112.

The will of General Joseph Henry Laye, C.B., of 90, Talbot Road, Bayswater, who died on March 3, was proved on April 2 by Mrs. Louisa Maria Laye, the widow, Charles Douglas Bowditch Hale, and George Ernest Riden, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £13,040.

The will and codicil of Mr. Henry Ley, for many years second clerk assistant at the table of the House of Commons, of 51, Chester Square, who died on March 16, were proved on April 11 by William Henry Ley, the son, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £11,379.

The will of Mr. William Francis Finlason, a bencher of the Middle Temple and the head of the staff of law reporters for the *Times* in the Queen's Bench Division, of 12, Campden Hill Road, Kensington, who died on March 11, was proved on April 23 by Mrs. Harriet Finlason, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £3753.

The will of Mr. Stephen Brunskill, J.P., of Castle Meadow, near Kendal, Westmorland, who died on Feb. 12, was proved on April 27 by Mrs. Phoebe Brunskill, the widow, John Chapman, and Alexander Milne, three of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £3320.

The will of Mr. John Bell, the sculptor, of 15, Douro Place, Victoria Road, Kensington, who died on March 14, was proved on April 26 by Mrs. Margarita Joanna Hoare, the daughter and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £220.

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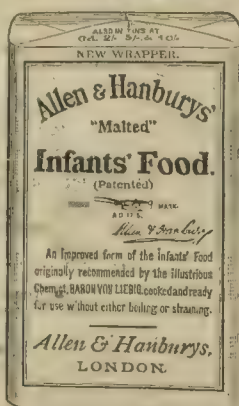
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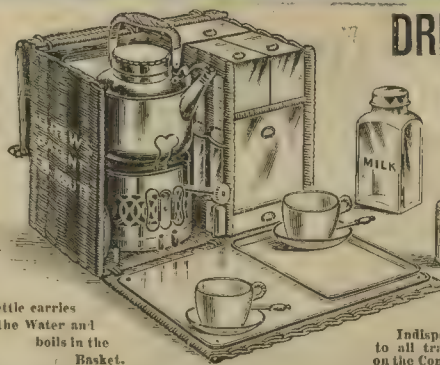


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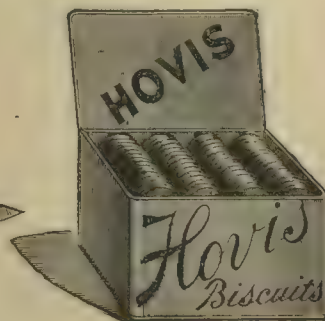
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LAUNCH OF H.M.S. "RENOVN."

Another great battle-ship, whose ultimate cost will be £1,000,000, was launched at Pembroke Dock on May 8. This was the first-class battle-ship *Renown*, a twin-screw sheathed armour-clad of light draught, destined to pass through Suez Canal and for foreign work generally. Her dimensions are: Length between perpendiculars, 380 ft.; and extreme breadth, 72 ft. 4 in. Her load displacement is 12,350 tons, at which there is a mean draught of 26 ft. 9 in. All the vessel is of steel, except the stem, stern-post, and shaft brackets; the latter are of phosphor-bronze. The *Renown* was designed by the chief constructor, and was christened by Mrs. Balfour, the wife of the Captain-Superintendent.

Mrs. Roskell's Quartette Concert given at the small Queen's Hall on Wednesday, May 8, was in some respects not without interest. The chief attraction of the entertainment was a quartette by Tschalkowsky, a work which combines extreme cleverness of treatment with a somewhat barbarous suggestiveness. It was played rather from the

latter than from the former point of view. On the same evening, at the Prince's Hall, Herr Alfred Oberländer and Herr Alfred Krasselt, who collaborated perhaps because

contrary, considering the popularity of the Balearic Season in Monaco, the administration is preparing various new attractions, including a fine hydrotherapeutic establishment.



Photo by S. J. Allen.

THE LAUNCH OF H.M.S. RENOWN: BROADSIDE VIEW.

their Christian names are identical, gave their first vocal and violin recital at the Prince's Hall, Piccadilly. Herr Krasselt, the violinist, has considerable talent and, we should say, great earnestness and sincerity; Herr Oberländer, however, can scarcely be allowed to be a singer of first-rate quality.

A collision at sea, off the French coast near Brest, took place before daylight on the morning of May 13, in a fog, between two British merchant steamers, the *Maritana*, of Sunderland, bound from Huelva, in Spain, to Hamburg with iron ore, and the *Emerald*, from Glasgow, bound to Bilbao. The *Maritana* was sunk and eleven of the crew drowned.

With regard to certain mis-statements recently circulated, the administration of the Société des Bains de Mer de Monaco declares that there is not the slightest foundation for the report that the Casino is to be closed for the summer season. No such idea has been projected; on the contrary, considering the popularity of the Balearic Season in Monaco, the administration is preparing various new attractions, including a fine hydrotherapeutic establishment.

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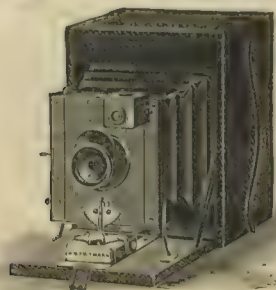


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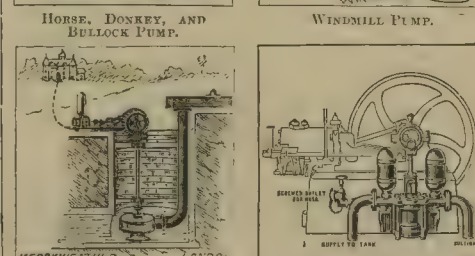
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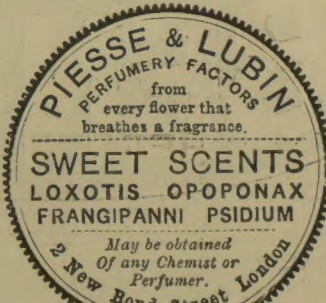
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 occupies one of the finest positions in the home counties, and
 nothing within a like distance of London (12 miles) can be com-
 pared with it. Situate some 500 ft. above sea-level, it has a due
 south aspect, and commands grand views over a lovely country.
 The mansion was formerly occupied by the Marquis of Abercorn,
 and afterwards by Adelaide the Dowager Queen of England, who
 died there. It is recorded that Sir Walter Scott and the poet
 Rogers were constant visitors, and that "Marmion" and "The
 Pleasures of Memory" were both written within the peaceful
 and exhilarating seclusion the estate then afforded. This perfect
 seclusion still exists—no visitor can believe he is so near to
 the great metropolis. More recent owners have greatly enlarged
 the mansion house and adapted it to the requirements of a
 large family of the present day, while for the reception and
 entertainment of guests it is absolutely perfect. The mansion
 contains some 40 bed-rooms, with suitable dressing-rooms, several
 bath-rooms, a noble entrance hall, with porte cochere, inner halls
 and long corridors, a grand staircase, with a bold gallery,
 several other staircases, a charming suite of reception-rooms of
 large proportions, drawing-room 50 ft. by 30 ft., dining-room
 38 ft. 6 in. by 29 ft., lady's boudoir, circular music-room 30 ft.
 diameter, library 32 ft. by 22 ft. 3 in., morning room and gentleman's
 room, a capital billiard-room 40 ft. by 26 ft., with two roof-lights,
 a second room nearly similar to the billiard-room, two waiting-rooms,
 &c.; approached by a principal corridor is a magnificent con-
 servatory or winter garden 126 ft. by 22 ft. 6 in., beyond which are the
 bachelors' chambers and a covered tennis-court 90 ft. by 40 ft., with
 asphalt floor, forming a skating-rink. The domestic offices are on
 a suitable scale. The surroundings are exquisitely beautiful, the
 approaches to the house from the river and the well-wooded
 drives, which vie so much with each other in attractions that it is
 difficult to select a favourite. On the south front the grounds
 are arranged in terraces of great dimensions appropriately
 set out and architecturally embellished (the views from
 these are marvellous), the lower lawn is flanked by a deer
 park, at the base of which is a pretty lake of more than four
 acres, which is timbered to its margin and adds much to the
 picture as seen from the house and gardens. The remaining land
 is nearly all parks and woods, suitably divided and interspersed.
 The gravelled walks and grass rides are many miles long, all
 through richly timbered woods, which are covered with almost
 every kind of wild flower, and are the home of countless birds,
 rendering the walks attractive beyond art of man to describe. The
 timber trees, flowering and other shrubs, all over the estate are
 in great variety and contain many exceptionally notable speci-
 mens; a cedar garden, with its grand Cedars of Lebanon, yews,
 beds and banks of rhododendrons, may fairly be written unique.
 This garden also possesses great interest as containing a summer-
 house which was a favourite tea-room of Queen Adelaide. The
 stabling department is most ample and comfortable, there are enclosed flower,
 fruit, and vegetable gardens, containing every necessary, glass-
 house, model farmhouse, homestead, and several cottages.

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 FARMER, and BRIDGEWATER are instructed to SELL
 this well-known attractive FREEHOLD ESTATE by AUCTION,
 at the Mart, on Tuesday, June 23, at Two o'clock unless an acceptable
 offer or offers should previously be made. The estate will be
 divided as follows—

Lot 1.—The Mansion, with pleasure-grounds, stabling, cedar
 garden, deer park, and other park lands, in all 197 acres.
 Lot 2.—The adjoining richly timbered Park of 300 acres, occupying
 a grand position, and forming an exceptionally fine site for the
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 Particulars (shortly) of Messrs. Edell and Gordon, Solicitors,
 4, King Street, Cheapside; and of Messrs. Debenham, Tewson,
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 side.

The Lynford Hall Estate, Norfolk, for many years the favourite
 country seat of the late Mrs. Lyne Stephens, and for sale in conse-
 quence of her decease.

In the High Court of Justice, Chancery Division. — Mr. Justice
 Stirling.—Bulkeley v. Stephens.

A princely Freehold Domain of about 720 acres, so well known as
 one of the finest sporting estates in England (entirely within a
 ring fence), embracing the whole of the parish of Lynford, the
 greater portions of the parishes of West Tofts, Mundford, and Col-
 wich, and part of the parish of Colveston. It is situated about five
 miles from Brandon Station on the Great Eastern Railway, eight
 miles from Thetford, and about 2½ hours from London, and com-
 prises a noble mansion of red brick and stone in the Early English
 style of architecture, erected in the year 1868, in the most substan-
 tial and costly manner, lavishly fitted and decorated, in fine order
 throughout, and suitable in every way for the accommodation
 of the family and guests of a wealthy owner; the mansion is
 surrounded by lovely pleasure-grounds and a very beautiful
 richly timbered park intersected by a branch of the River
 Wissey, which flows through the estate, and includes a series
 of ornamental lakes, the resort of wild fowl in great numbers.
 The stabling is extensive and in accordance with the character
 of the house. The kitchen gardens, glass-houses, and appur-
 tenances are of ample importance; there are three entrance lodges
 (two being handsome modern structures), and a sufficiency
 of excellent cottages for keepers, gardeners, and out-door
 servants. Gas is laid on to the mansion and premises from the
 private gasworks, which are secluded from sight at a considerable
 distance from the hall. The principal farm-houses and home-
 steads, and the bulk of the cottages on the estate, are of a very
 superior description; and in the villages of Mundford and West
 Tofts there are numerous houses, shops, cottages, etc., including
 the well-known Crown Inn at Mundford. The woods and plantations
 are admirably placed for holding game, with which
 the estate abounds, having always been highly preserved. The
 game-books show that last season, even under disadvantages, as
 many as 10,522 head were killed; some 22,000 rabbits are also taken
 yearly by the warreners. The property is intersected by capital
 hard roads. The adjoining owners are Lord Amhurst of Hackney,
 Lord Walsingham, W. Angerstein, Esq., W. Mackenzie, Esq., the
 Duchy of Lancaster, and others, many important county seats
 being within a distance of a few miles.

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 Messrs. Debenham, Tewson, Farmer, and Bridgewater) is
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 on TUESDAY, JULY 23, at Two, the above remarkably fine
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THE ROYAL OPERA.

The Royal Opera at Covent Garden was inaugurated on Monday, May 13, with every possible circumstance of social solemnity. A bust of the Queen was set in front of the stage, and around it gathered the Covent Garden chorus, which sang with fervour and enthusiasm the National Anthem. Then Verdi's "Otello" was performed, with Signor Tamagno for the rôle of the Moor, and Madame Albani as Desdemona. It would be difficult to conceive a more engrossing and admirable exponent of the part of Otello than Signor Tamagno. His wonderful strength of voice seemed on this occasion, by reason of his extraordinarily sincere method of acting, to lose nothing by his unfortunate lapses into an occasional want of tone. In the second act he rose superior to everything and everybody. He sang superbly

and he acted the part with an overpowering sincerity. Madame Albani as Desdemona sang with her customary purity of voice and her distinction of utterance; and, though there were moments when the orchestra lost itself a little, both band, conductor, and chorus combined to do their best. They will only succeed in accomplishing this laudable ambition with constant attention to the importance of rehearsal. On Tuesday, May 14, Signor Boito's "Mefistofele" was given for the first time for many years in England. It is a work of subtle power and some exquisite beauty; but its eccentricity, its purely bizarre quality are not precisely and altogether suitable to the resources of Covent Garden. So exotic a plant needs culture under exotic conditions, and the prevalent effect of Covent Garden is decidedly *plein air*. M. Plançon took the title-part, and produced very much the same effect as he is wont to produce in his Mefistofele of Gounod. Signor

de Lucia as Faust was conventionally dramatic, and vocally sincere; and Miss Macintyre as Marguerite and Helen proved how much she has improved by her noviciate at Milan. The band and chorus were much in the same condition as on the previous night.

One of the last survivors of the once well-known and powerful Clapham School has passed away in the person of Canon Vansittart Thornton, in his seventy-ninth year. His father was the late Mr. John Thornton of Clapham, who took a prominent part in the movement for the emancipation of slaves. Canon Thornton, however, gave his allegiance rather to the Church of England as a whole, than to any section of it. He was deeply interested in education, in which he accomplished a great work, and was accustomed to organise conferences on burning questions, with a view to bringing together leading men of different opinions.

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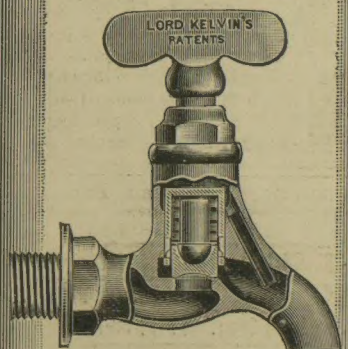
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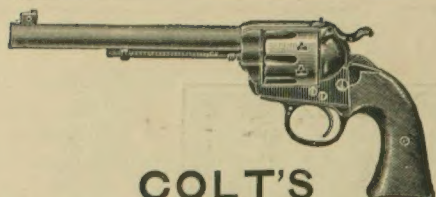
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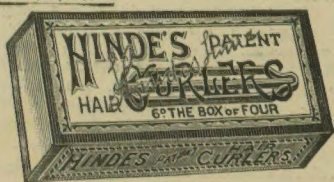
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MONTSERRAT Lime-Fruit Juice

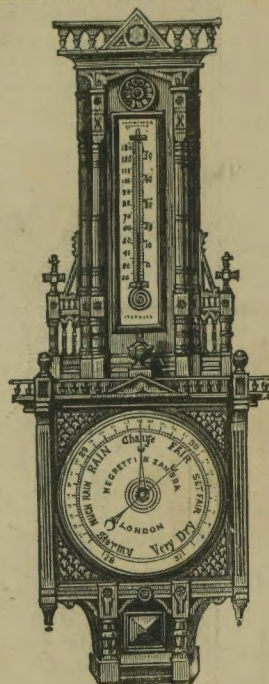
wherever and whenever they list. It is a far more wholesome drink than any form of alcohol."

A teaspoonful of Montserrat Lime-Fruit Juice in a small glass of water, taken on arising, is better for average humanity in the Spring than a large quantity of medicine. It costs but about One Shilling for a pint bottle. Not an expensive experiment. Good also as a beverage in place of lemons. Sold everywhere. Druggists and Grocers.



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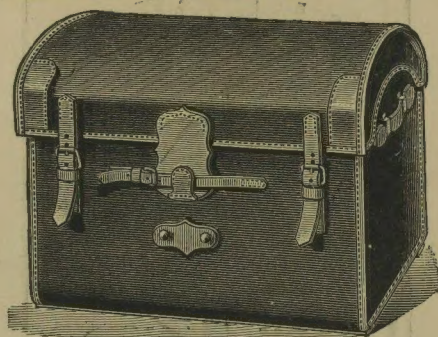
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